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WHO GOES SLOW?

WHEN an Opposition moves a vote of censure on a Government it brings into the arena of debate its own alternative policy. The Tories will indict the Cabinet next week on the ground that they have failed to create conditions of prosperity and abundance: controls, price regulation and "planning" (with nationalisation schemes looming in the background) are crippling, and will ultimately kill, the beneficent entrepreneur who, unmolested by "doctrinaires," would have delivered the goods. This line of attack the Government will find it easy enough to rebut by asking Parliament to consider what results would have followed endorsement by the electorate of the Tories' own prescription—reliance on unplanned, uncontrolled private enterprise. The answer is not in doubt: there would have been a brief boom in consumers' goods; houses (perhaps) for those who could afford to buy them at ever-increasing prices; an inflation which would have augmented profits at the expense of real wages; and, finally, a catastrophic slump when our balance of foreign payments had become so adverse that essential raw materials could no longer be imported.

From an Opposition whose success at the polls would have involved Britain in economic chaos the Government has nothing to fear in debate. Nor need it trouble overmuch to defend itself from the charge that it is intent solely on nationalising the ship of State, regardless of the breakers ahead. Mr. Churchill's bitter and irresponsible demagogy on Wednesday may stir a few agitated bosoms in Bournemouth. The great majority of the British people are satisfied that the Government is carrying out with studied caution its mandate to socialise gradually a limited sector of the national economy, and is beginning circumspectly—some may say, too circumspectly—to tackle the many difficult problems of day-to-day administration which confront it both at home and abroad. If the Government is open at all to serious criticism it is for failing to recognise that it is likely to be forced by a capitalist "go slow" to speed up, and carry much further than it now contemplates, the introduction of positive State intervention in the non-nationalised sector.

The extent to which this "go slow" is a deliberate political reaction by industrialists to a Labour Government is a secondary consideration. In Tuesday's *Daily Mail*, Mr. Quintin Hogg, M.P., wrote of the coming "crisis in industry and finance" so jubilantly as to encourage suspicions that it is a set-piece in the Tory firework design. We do not exclude the possibility that some employers may be out to embarrass the Government both by provoking unofficial strikes and by curtailing output. But for the most part it would probably be fairer to say that the entrepreneur is declining, not maliciously but in self-protection, to assume risks without incentive. Acclimatised by war conditions to an assured market, with the State an inexhaustible buyer, he is now told that he must look for outlets for his wares—particularly abroad. But in the domestic market he is subjected to price control, apart from heavy taxes on profits; and, in order to build up an export trade (on whose durability he cannot rely) he must embark on an expensive sales organisation, and probably on a large outlay in new designs. Doubtful whether all this is "worth his while" he marks time.

For this situation there can be only one solution—or at least only one tolerable to a Labour Government. To attempt to revitalise private initiative by abandoning controls would be to invoke the seven devils of inflation to drive out the Beelzebub of business "ca' canny." If capitalists decide that their activities and a planned society are incompatible, the remedy is not less Socialism but more. The State must fill the vacuum whose imminence so rejoices Mr. Hogg. Already, in one instance, the Government has gone some way to meet the challenge thus presented to it. Mr. Bevan's housing policy is developing on lines which we warmly approve. Against the probability of a capitalist building trade deliberately limiting production in order to maintain "ringed" prices and profits, plans are now announced for direct building by 'abour in Ministry of Works' employ, for large-scale production of components in Ordnance Factories, and for State purchase and distribution of building "requisites" wherever the normal merchandising system proves unsatisfactory. Here is a realistic policy: capitalism is offered an opportunity (in competition with State enterprise) to show what it can do; and manufacturers are given the incentive of an assured market. If they fail, it will be at their own peril: substitutes in their place are being organised.

Housing, however, is a case apart. Here no danger exists of demand being satiated within a period of at least ten years. Much less easy is the problem created by the reluctant producer of goods for export and the recalcitrant manufacturer for the domestic consumer of goods whose price is fixed below the level of "worth while" profitability. The only solution, we believe, is for the State increasingly to assume the burden of risk and the responsibility of initiative. The State must act as the wholesaler for many classes of consumers' goods and take direct control of buying and selling in many branches of export-import trade

America's Terms

It follows that, in the still abortive negotiations for a dollar loan, there is one position from which the British Government cannot retreat: it cannot pledge itself, as the Americans demand, to eschew State intervention in foreign trade. All the indications from Washington are that Congress is out for its pound of flesh. If a $4 billion credit is made available, interest (at 2 per cent.) and amortisation will represent for Britain a heavy annual dollar commitment; and the Americans are insistent that only a relatively small part of the loan shall be at Britain's disposal for her own "reconstruction" needs. The bulk must be earmarked for repayment of part of Britain's indebtedness to her "sterling area" creditors, thus enabling them, with dollars in their hands, to make immediate purchases of American goods.

If a formula can be found to provide Britain with an adequate "escape clause" covering her inability to maintain interest payments out of her future dollar earnings the British Government may feel compelled to accept even these onerous terms. It will argue that, unless dollars can be borrowed, shortage of American petrol, cotton and tobacco would place this country in real difficulties; and it is naturally anxious not to overstrain the patience of sterling creditors hungry for goods. But there are definite limits to the political price we can afford to pay for a loan. We might agree, with reservations, to under-write Bretton Woods. To "free" multilateral foreign trade, without "discrimination," we cannot assent.

America and China

General Hurley's resignation reveals that American policy in China is already rent by a conflict between members of the State Department and the military men whose intervention in China has facilitated civil war in eleven out of twenty-eight provinces. In the State Department there are liberal-minded experts who have studied at first hand the complexities of Chinese politics and the balance of forces in Chinese society. The military men on the spot—and this applies to Japan as well as to China—have done their best to relegate these experts to the uninfluential positions which Generals reserve for officials whose expert views do not coincide with military expediency. When General Hurley first went to China in October, 1944, as a special emissary of President Roosevelt, he gave Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek the necessary backing to rid himself of General Stilwell—who appreciated the military potentialities of the Communist armies and wanted their support in the war against Japan. He then provided transport facilities for the Communists to start negotiations with Chungking, but took the precaution of giving an assurance of American support for the Generalissimo. Then, when the opening of the doors to Yenan produced a flood of articles and reports favourable to the Communist areas, he purged the Embassy in Chungking of those officials, military and political, whose views did not coincide with his military intentions. The subsequent Hurley-Wedemeyer agreement (by which only Kuomintang troops were armed and by which troops and marines were later sent to North China to prevent the Communist armies from entering key cities and disarming the Japanese) has propped up the Chungking Government and thrown in American military support on its side in the civil war. Informed circles in America, which have actively protested against this policy of intervention, maintain that Chiang Kai-shek would not have dared substitute military action for negotiations with the Communists without this support from America, and that Hurley's policy has further endangered the relations of the United States and the U.S.S.R. America is now asking for postponement of the withdrawal of Soviet units from Manchuria, fearing that it might involve direct conflict between the American Army and the Communists. It is too early yet to say whether General Marshal will go further than Hurley in a policy of active intervention, or whether he can more effectively withdraw from an inflammable situation and save the face of General Wedemeyer.

Unrest in Persia.

Ever since the Anglo-Soviet Treaty was concluded with Persia in January, 1942, both Powers have shown suspicion that the other has used the period of occupation to intervene in the politics of its Zone. Anxious to see the Russians withdraw as soon as possible, the British have encouraged suggestions from Teheran that the occupation should come to an end, and have repeatedly expressed willingness to go. The British and American Notes, just lodged at the Kremlin, are but a further example of this anxiety. The Americans—who have no treaty commitments—are now pledged to leave by January and, in conjunction with the British, have inquired how far the Russians have interfered with the free movement of Persian units sent to deal with "disorders" in Azerbaijan. Reports of this alleged revolt and of the assistance which the rebels are supposed to be receiving from the Russians should be regarded with extreme caution. Dissatisfaction with the corrupt, Right-Wing oligarchy which rules from Teheran is undoubtedly widespread, especially among the national minorities, who are demanding local autonomy, not fusion with the U.S.S.R. There are good grounds for believing that many recent incidents have been deliberately provoked by the Right parties and Government agents, who have not hesitated to carry their attacks on the progressive Tudeh party into the Russian Zone. Officers with radical sympathies have been withdrawn and sent out of the way into semi-exile in the British Zone, though some have chosen to desert and seek asylum among the Turkeman tribesmen. In Teheran itself, democratic opposition has very largely been driven underground. At the same time, with the end of large-scale Allied military expenditure, unemployment is increasing; the inflation of prices and the extortions of speculators have caused a serious decline in living standards already woefully low. Using the pretext that free elections can only be held after the Allied troops are withdrawn, the Government has postponed them. If Britain and the United States have a concealed fear that the Soviet Union seeks to annex some of the northern provinces of Persia, nothing is more likely to encourage a separatist movement than maintenance of the present reactionary and corrupt regime in Teheran.

The Austrian Elections

The Austrian Elections, which were held in perfect freedom, have given the Catholic People's Party, with 85 seats, an absolute majority, though a small one. The Socialists won 76 seats and the Communists four. The Catholics, who had always stood second in the old days, a long way behind the Socialists, have doubtless profited by the elimination of the Nazis. Active members of that party were disfranchised, but its less compromised adherents would tend to vote for the most conservative of the three available parties. The Socialists, though they dropped to the second place, have actually polled more votes than in the last election of the old Republic. The Communists, always in Austria a numerically insignificant group, have presumably paid for the rigours of the Russian Occupation. The broad result is that the peasantry, as in Hungary, have the future in their hands, though in Austria they are more subject than their neighbours to clerical guidance. Their leader, Leopold Figl, will take over the post of Chancellor from Dr. Renner, but he will stick to the agreement, made before the polls, to form a Coalition Ministry. He has a good record, for he was a prisoner in Dachau and was involved in last year's plot against Hitler. The voting reflects the normal pattern of Austrian political life, with the Catholic villages ranged against the Socialist towns. But there is reason to believe that both sides have learned something from their sufferings under the Nazis and may collaborate more happily than they did in the past. After announcing the news, the B.B.C. tactlessly played the Emperor's hymn from Haydn's quartette, but it is a mistake to suppose that the peasants, good Catholics though they are, desire a Habsburg restoration. All three parties stand for the Republic. There is now no case for prolonging the military occupation of Austria on anything like the present scale. The Allied armies, totalling nearly a million men, are eating up this impoverished country, which is so tranquil that there is no case for retaining more than a token garrison—if any.

The Shooting in Calcutta

The trial of some of the officers of the "Indian National Army" may have been inevitable but it is arousing among an emotional people anger which it will be difficult to allay. These men, who went over to the Japanese, were professional soldiers in British service: out of some 20,000, all but 300 have been released, and of these the leaders at least are charged with the shooting or ill-usage of compatriots as well as with treason. No army could condone such offences. None the less, nationalist feeling in India is so bitter that it is quite easy to idealise these men as heroes, and it is significant that a moderate Liberal like Sir T. B. Sapru, as well as Pandit Nehru, is defending them at their trial in Delhi. The riots in Calcutta, which have resulted in a deplorable loss of young lives, were a by-product of this trial. The students, by way of demonstrating passively against it, lay down in the street, whereupon the police opened fire: over twenty were killed and more than seventy wounded. Traffic and order in a great city have their rights, but not at this terrible cost. This affair was complicated by a strike of the municipal workers which resulted in an interruption of the water supply and in some disorder, during which several Army lorries were burned and an American soldier killed. After the shooting, the students of Delhi and Bombay also demonstrated. The trials of the I.N.A. must take their course, but only the worst offenders should be prosecuted, and capital sentences would be most unwise. By such severities we should provoke among Indians a resentment fatal to the chances of an harmonious political settlement.

Communists Draw the Line

At their Congress in London last week-end, the Communists had to re-define their attitude to a Labour Party which has won real power for the first time. Although the C.P. did badly in the elections and has made little headway in recent months, the delegates were by no means dispirited. Deciding to renew the application for affiliation on which the Executive placed great emphasis, they decisively rejected a resolution which sought, indirectly, to raise the issue of dissolving the C.P. or, at least, of making substantial modification in its organisation and work. Mr. Pollitt's ready admission that the Executive had been mistaken in favouring a second Coalition seemed to take the sting out of the critical resolutions tabled by a number of branches, although on this occasion the platform was clearly anxious to allow full expression to adverse opinion. By way of proving that Communists are not always agreed, Mr. Pollitt corrected the editor of the *Daily Worker* who called for the resignation of the Foreign Minister. It must be added, however, that most of the delegates seemed to share Mr. Rust's low opinion of Mr. Bevin, even if the moment when his policy in Greece has turned much for the better, seemed to them, inapposite for a slogan of "Bevin must go." On this issue, as on home affairs, the attitude of King Street to the Government is now more clearly defined: official Communist criticism is likely to be sharpened and to be accompanied by detailed alternative proposals. Though Mr. Pollitt rebuked those of his Party who wished it to assume the leadership of "unofficial" strikes, he rightly urged the Trade Unions to pay closer attention to the demands of the rank-and-file and called for a review of existing arbitration procedure. In industry, it is clear, the Communist influence is to be directed to securing wage advances and greater participation in management by the workers. Throughout the country, C.P. propaganda will be calling for higher pensions, a more rapid application of the Education Act, the provision of more nurseries and strict supervision of prices and production.

PARLIAMENT : From World State to Surtax

The debate on Foreign Affairs last week was the first great debate of this Session. Viewed in retrospect, the Prime Minister's speech is seen as a brief preface to two classic pronouncements of policy. Mr. Eden, suavely adumbrating the Conservative attitude to the problem of national sovereignty, spoke more vigorously than he ever dared to do as Foreign Secretary, and once again demonstrated the hold he has over "the progressive mind" on both sides of the House. Many Labour back-benchers were complaining in the Smoking Room on Thursday evening that there was more Socialism in his speech than Ernest Bevin had ever shown. If Socialism meant good intentions, expressed in generalities, they were right. The Foreign Secretary is not an elegant parliamentarian. He has neither the power nor the inclination to smooth out real difficulties with a glossy phrase. His speech sprawled across 100 minutes. Where he had not yet made up his mind, he was content to read a Foreign Office brief: where he had come to a conclusion and issued orders to his officials, he talked freely and masterfully. Here, rough-hewn but extremely practical, were the beginnings of a Socialist foreign policy. Mr. Bevin may make many mistakes—he has deep prejudices to combat—but, thank heaven, they will be his own mistakes, not those of his officials.

The rest of the debate was rather flat. Too many Labour back-benchers think that in foreign affairs a virtuous frame of mind is a sufficient substitute for facts. A notable exception, of course, was Zilliacus, who packed every sentence of a 15-minute speech. Adrian Crawley held a thin, lunch-time House with a maiden speech on Germany, tense with four years' experience as a prisoner-of-war. Unusual honours went to Henry Usborne. On Thursday his careful argument for Federal Union was dismissed as competent but cranky. By Friday afternoon he was a realist who had anticipated Mr. Bevin.

Meanwhile Tory ineptitude in Opposition has reached a new record "high." On Monday, George Tomlinson added universal admiration to universal affection by his handling of the Building Materials Bill. The Tories spent the whole afternoon and evening making fiercely critical speeches; but, despite the provocation of the Minister of Health, who wound up in a clutter of irate interruptions, the Opposition shirked a Division.

Nettled by Labour jeers, they determined to do better and prove themselves champions of the people in Tuesday's debate on the Finance Bill. Their first amendment, a concession to blind radio-listeners, was, unfortunately for them, accepted by the Chancellor. Their second effort was to plead for the removal of purchase tax from London taxi cabs on the grounds that taxis are a necessity used by everyone. This they forced to a Division. The third amendment—on the motor tax—came from the Labour side and produced yet another long debate on an industry which is causing the Government a great deal of trouble. Mr. Stanley obligingly supported the Chancellor, and there was no Division. The last amendment, moved by Captain Cruikshank, was to reduce the proposed increase in surtax by some £7 million. The Tory benches were packed and speech after speech was devoted to praise of the unlucky surtax-payer. But it seemed doubtful whether the House would divide and James Callagan was put in on the Government side as *agent provocateur*. He succeeded brilliantly, and Hugh Dalton finished the job by daring Oliver Stanley to divide. Mr. Stanley obliged, and the Tories went down fighting gallantly for the rights of the Last Hundred Thousand. To cap a good day's work Tom Driberg succeeded, despite the lateness of the hour and the impatience of the Chair, in raising the deaths at Stakehill Detention Camp on the Adjournment. Constructive opposition remains a monopoly of the Government back-benchers.

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THE WORLD STATE

When Mr. Bevin became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, we prophesied that he would show a broad, imaginative grasp and stress the economic and social welfare of peoples rather than the political interests of States. We stuck to our view that he was "feeling his way" to a new foreign policy, even when he seemed in his first speeches to follow the narrow road of Foreign Office orthodoxy. Mr. Bevin's speech of last week has confirmed our judgment. For the first time a national leader has stated in plain terms the absolute necessity of a World State.

It was a great, ragged, powerful speech, made of bits and pieces. Sometimes where he had to handle a particularly delicate and obscure matter, such as Persia, he adhered to a carefully phrased brief; sometimes where, as in the case of Italy, he seemed not yet to have made a close personal study of the situation, he missed his opportunity. But throughout he struggled to put the pettiness of national rivalries into the framework of human welfare, and in his concluding remarks he let the argument lead him to those inescapable conclusions which, in the mouths of others, he is apt to dismiss as the unreal abstractions of the Intellectual. In fact, of course, Mr. Bevin is himself an Intellectual; he is interested, that is, in ideas, and wants to understand where he is going. He knows, as things are, we are going straight to perdition, and he has the common sense and courage to state the obvious truths that practical men are usually too timid to utter.

In Greece Mr. Bevin is now doing his best to extract this country from the confusion caused by our military intervention of twelve months ago. We are glad to know from him that any pledges given to the King of Greece were made by Mr. Churchill personally, and do not bind the present Government. It was also encouraging to hear a Foreign Secretary admit that Britain is full of Balkan emigrés, whose object is to restore their own discredited regimes, and to know that he does not intend to have a difficult situation made worse by the personal intrigues of monarchs out of office. Mr. Bevin has turned over a new leaf in Greece; if he succeeds, as he hopes, in his attempt to save the Greek people from their economic and social miseries he will gain the praise of all men of good will; if he fails, he will still deserve it.

On France, where Mr. Bevin's best efforts at a settlement with Britain have been frustrated by the internal political confusion, he was restrained and wise. On Indonesia he might with advantage have spoken more strongly, but he made it clear that we have been involved there against our will, and that the remedy lies in a far more generous and constructive attitude on the part of the Dutch Government. Here, as in the case of Greece, he approached the problem with refreshing common sense. He recalled the complexity of the struggle in the countries of South-East Asia, which differ sharply from the liberated areas of Europe. In Asia the countries invaded by the Japanese were not independent nations, but colonies, which had long sought their freedom from European imperialisms. The national movement in Indonesia, Mr. Bevin pointed out, is far older than this war. These territories have long demanded independence from Holland, France and Britain. If the Indonesians are rebels, he reminded Mr. Churchill, who has for a generation been a good friend of General Smuts, it often pays to make terms with rebels.

If all these national struggles were speedily settled, we should still be no nearer a solution of our main problem. Mr. Bevin's remedy is familiar enough; in company with thousands of other forward-looking men, he has himself preached federalism for the last 25 years. But the atomic bomb and the growing danger of an American-Soviet clash in the Far East give a new urgency to his appeal. Words that would have sounded Utopian a few months ago may be the initiation of a programme of action when uttered by a Foreign Secretary at a moment of crisis. We shall never act at all if we cannot take steps to prevent a war, which, on the sober estimate of Einstein, supported by the technical advisers of the American Government, is likely to destroy two-thirds of the population.

In a speech only less remarkable than Mr. Bevin's, Mr. Eden committed himself to an outspoken attack on national sovereignty that would have shocked the Tories at any previous time. Mr. Bevin went farther. International Government, he said, implies the existence of separate rival States; nothing less than World Government will save us in the post-atomic age. Federalism it has to be, and nothing less. The nations must pool their sovereignty just as the Thirteen States of America did when they changed the loose Confederacy that defeated George III into the Federation which, in spite of one civil war, has held together for a hundred and fifty years. Mr. Bevin went on to denounce the conception of world government by the Big Three, and offered to work with all who shared his conception of a people's World Parliament. He did not propose to scrap the United Nations' organisation, but he would have none of the pretence that a formal renunciation of the Great Powers' veto on the Security Council would transform it into an instrument of world peace.

The arguments for World Government are familiar to readers of this journal; "federate or perish" has long been the slogan of progressive minds. We are concerned with the obstacles. We need not waste time now in considering the vast inertia of government machines and foreign offices, nor in discussing how to convert the millions who would to-day follow any plan resolutely put forward by their leaders. We have to face the central problem of Russian suspicion and doctrine, on the one hand, and American imperialism on the other.

Addressing himself to the U.S.S.R., Mr. Bevin called for "cards face-upwards on the table," and asked for an open statement of grievances. Stalin can easily supply a long list. He has plenty of reasons for suspicion, the most important of which are seldom uttered. If he responds to Mr. Bevin's appeal, he may end the present silly and dangerous game of diplomatic poker. As to the theoretical argument that capitalist States cannot, by their nature, abandon their sovereignty as long as they are controlled by competing capitalist interests which agree on nothing except a common fear of Socialism and the Soviet Union, the reply is that Stalin has already shown that Marxist theory is flexible, and that he will certainly not be willing to see the United Nations' organisation reshaped without full participation by the U.S.S.R. Already the Soviet press is alarmed at the idea of U.N.O. under the control of a single Great Power.

Opposition to changes likely to make U.N.O. a reality may be more intractable in the United States. Indeed, Russia, which is to-day far below her potential strength, has less to lose and more to gain than the U.S., which is dizzy with success and embarking on an apparently limitless programme of expansion in the Far East. Yet there are many Americas, and the response to Mr. Bevin's speech shows that the world application of the Federal idea, so familiar to Americans, meets with favour in influential conservative circles. Some of the Service chiefs, flushed with victory, will resist any rational concessions to the world's needs, but even they may be influenced by the discovery, now admitted by American experts, that, so far from strengthening the position of the United States, the release of atomic energy makes America highly vulnerable and reduces her military superiority to smaller nations.

It would be idle to pretend that the chances of saving mankind from suicide are good. According to the experts, it will only take somewhere between two and ten years in an anarchic world for even the smaller industrial States to be equipped with atomic bombs of far greater power than those used at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

This is not a long time to transform the alliance of rival Powers now called U.N.O. into a Federation of States which have pooled their national armaments. The utmost pressure from public opinion all over the world will be necessary to support Mr. Bevin's leadership. Obviously the second necessity is an immediate renewed effort by the Big Three to reach an agreement on outstanding differences. Inevitably, there will be zones of influence; whether these can be part of the world security system, or whether they are fatal to its reality, depends on the policy of the Powers which control these vast areas. If America and Russia look upon their spheres of influence as military security zones, any genuine system of peace will be impossible.

We have to consider what part Britain is to play. With the experience of Allied support for a rearming Germany during the period before this war, Russia is quite naturally afraid of a Western bloc. But it is impossible to allow Europe to starve and Britain to decay because Russia prefers a divided Europe and fears a rebuilding of the Ruhr. A Western Europe rebuilt and under the influence of American military power would indeed be a menace to Russia and to peace. The conclusion must be that Mr. Bevin should go ahead with plans for closer political and economic partnership in Western Europe, offering the Soviet Union as well as other Powers membership of an international authority over the Ruhr, and making it clear that Britain and the highly vulnerable Western seaboard of Europe will adopt a policy of strict neutrality in case of war between America and Russia. A declaration of this sort by, for instance, Britain and France would make war less likely, and not impede progress towards world federalism.

THE NUREMBERG RECKONING

Nuremberg, November 25th.

It was, in a way, a pity that the rules of the Tribunal made it impossible for the motion of protest launched on the opening day of the trial by the German defence to be discussed fully in court. The Tribunal had, of course, to reject it, since it blandly ignored the charter on which the Tribunal is based; no one, not even the German lawyers, expected a different decision. But a full explanation why it was right and just to reject it would perhaps have helped to make clear, once and for all, the revolutionary innovation contained in the Nuremberg proceedings and show the yawning gulf between Allied and German conceptions. The German lawyers were, of course, arguing a purely formal point. As it is, they will now continue to do so right through the trial whenever opportunity offers, and, as Dr. Sauter, counsel for Ribbentrop, Schirach and Funk explained, they will once more openly challenge the competence of the Tribunal in their concluding pleas. Meanwhile, Sauter, Stahmer, who defends Göring, and Thomas, who is Rosenberg's counsel, have emerged as the chief spokesmen and propagandists of the defence, holding press conferences and leaving no chance unused during recesses and at other times in the corridors of the Courthouse, to expound their views.

Much of the legal, political and (for the German people) educational value of the trial, immediate and future, depends on the general appreciation of the radically new departure it involves. As far as one can find out, the attitude of the average German citizen towards the trial is one of almost contemptuous indifference. He feels that the Allies, being the victors, can do as they please anyhow, and that the solemn proceedings in the Nuremberg Courthouse are no more than a cheaply staged show. Judging from their own experience during the past twelve years, many calmly assume that the whole thing is a put-up affair with much of the evidence naturally "cooked" and "adapted," and that the Allies might as well hang the twenty men right away—as Hitler would have done. Few of them even perceive that this is not the point, and that the significance of the trial lies elsewhere; hardly any among them have begun to understand it. Once again the absence of a responsible, regenerated German press, run by Germans chiefly, in the British zone (the eighteen American-licensed papers all have correspondents at the trial, and so have the Russian-sponsored ones), turns out to be a severely hampering factor. This is a job which only Germans can do for Germans.

This is the psychological atmosphere the German defence is naturally trying to exploit. In their motion they take the view that the present trial has "no legal basis in international law, but is a procedure based on new penal law which was created only after the act," and they argue that, while they fully favour the creation of such a new international law for the sake of future law and security in the world, the present defendants will have to be let off unless they can be proved guilty of crimes punishable under laws in force at the time of their commission. Nobody, they contend, has ever thought of incriminating statesmen, generals and economic leaders for using force. They imply that therefore it cannot be done now; that even as recently as San Francisco no rule of law was created to enable an international court to punish persons who launch an unjust war. They deliberately ignore the fact that it is one of the chief purposes of this trial, although not its only one, to create such a law.

The only serious objection that can be argued against the Allied method of creating this new law is that we are transgressing deliberately from the purely legal field into the domain of politics without clearly stating that we are doing so, or where the precise point is at which the border is crossed. That is one of the disadvantages of dealing with political matters by legal methods; the body does not everywhere fit the garment.

In style, phrasing and delivery, Justice Jackson's 25,000-word statement has the genuine, inspiring ring of Mr. Roosevelt at his best, and it made a tremendous impression on all who heard it, including those among the accused, like Göring, who take the trouble to listen to what is being said in court. The speech ranks, without fear of exaggeration, among the great documents of our age. As a legal exposé it has few equals; as a political document is stands alone. It rightly says that the fact that the trial is being held at all is "the most significant tribute that Power has ever paid to Reason," and goes on to say that, unfortunately, the nature of these crimes is such that both prosecution and judgment must be by victor over vanquished foe. "Realistically, the Charter of this Tribunal, which gives the accused a hearing, is also the source of their only hope." He makes it clear that the Charter is based on an International Agreement which received the sanction of the San Francisco Conference, and may therefore be correctly regarded as a development of the San Francisco Declaration, and indeed as part of it. "We can point to no other law which gives the accused a right to be heard at all." If it were said that this is new law, not authoritatively declared at the time they did the acts it condemns, and that this declaration of the law had taken them by surprise, the answer was that "these men really are surprised that there is any such thing as law. These defendants did not rely on any law at all. Their programme defied and ignored all law."

The statement further explains why the jurisdiction of the Tribunal is beyond challenge. Aggressive war has been declared a crime since Versailles, and certainly since the Briand-Kellogg Pact. The trial, as Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe says, is the logical application to the international field of what has long been applied on the national field. What is punishable under national law is logically punishable also under international law, and the International Tribunal is thus seen as the natural corollary to national tribunals, in that the crimes committed concern several nations and are not limited to one country. The fact that an ordinary crime like violating an agreement, murder or theft suddenly assumes immense proportions, does not make it less punishable.

But beyond that there has obviously been a steady evolution of legal thought in the entire civilised world since Versailles and the Kellogg Pact and again the fact that it has, so far, found only inadequate expression, is no reason why it should not now be made articulate. The failure of the Nazis, said Justice Jackson, to heed the meaning of this evolution in the legal thought of the world is not a defence or a mitigation. "We have no judicial precedent for the Charter, but International Law is more than a scholarly collection of abstract and immutable principles. We in our own day have the right to institute customs and to conclude agreements that will themselves become sources of a newer and strengthened International Law, and if the law evolves by the case method, as International Law must do if it is to advance at all, it advances at the expense of those who wrongly guessed the law and learned too late their error."

Ingenious and correct as the charge of conspiracy is, its limitations became visible as soon as the presentation of the evidence began. The strictly legal approach to a political issue restricted the object of the prosecution to the Nazi Party, and logically took for its starting point the foundation of the Party under Hitler in 1920, thereby ignoring a large number of other factors and tendencies which made their contribution to the final catastrophe. By its very nature, the legal approach is compelled to select such pieces of evidence from the overwhelming mass of captured material as fill the bill, and to omit scores of others which, though not directly relevant to the prosecution, are yet essential to the full understanding of the entire political context. But here again the snag is that it isn't the primary purpose of the trial to make clear the political texture. If and where it does so, this is incidental.

This forcing of a political issue into a legal strait-jacket is apt to lend it a somewhat unreal appearance. But for once appearance really deceives. What appears is real enough; only one would wish that more could appear. But that, of course, would extend the trial over several years.

PETER DE MENDELSSOHN.

GRAB

[I appeal to the Great Powers . . . to put the cards on the table face upwards.—Ernest Bevin.]

The Big Five at cards round the table
Play such a peculiar game
Not even the experts are able
To give the proceedings a name.
Their methods of play always vary
The score is in constant dispute,
Some Powers of partners are chary
Some players will not follow suit.

Now Britain proposes a way out
A game that suspicion will foil,
A fair, square and straightforward lay-out
All strictly according to Hoyle.
A match with no call for a show down
On bidding and deals and discards,
A game where the cards that they throw down
Will always be all of the cards.

Instead of odd games with the Joker
By Powers so unwilling to pair
That one plays Mah Jong and one poker
While two always play solitaire,
Instead of a contest five handed
Where no one is trusted to win
The players should now be expanded
So all the small fry can cut in.

In the game that Great Britain proposes
Each player announces his claim,
Each card in his hand he exposes
And calls every trick by its name,
The cards will show isles, zones and bases,
With Powers all round keeping Tab,
They may play with the old poker faces,
But the game will be old-fashioned Grab.

SAGITTARIUS

A LONDON DIARY

Last Saturday night I heard Norman Macdonald's sensational description on the B.B.C. Home Service of the Russian raid on the British correspondents' mess in Berlin. Then, on Monday, I found in a modest position—not on the main page—in *The Times* a totally different story. Its Berlin correspondent stressed that the Russians had been granted full facilities for the search, but that, by an error, the British military police, who were to accompany the Russian patrol, had failed to turn up at this particular hotel. Since any correspondent can make a mistake, and since the British authorities in Berlin had issued, as a result of the B.B.C. "sensation," a special statement which formed the substance of the correct report in *The Times*, I rang up the B.B.C. to ask when they carried the correction of their Saturday story. The reply was that no correction had been carried. I find it hard to believe that Norman Macdonald did not send one. Equally, I find it hard to believe that the B.B.C. News Controller took no steps to correct, at the earliest opportunity, an incorrect story which made a mischievous impression both in this country and in Berlin, and provoked an official *démenti* from Field Marshal Montgomery's Headquarters.

* * *

Unfortunately this is not the first case in which the B.B.C. has failed to correct anti-Russian stories from Berlin which have later proved to be mere canards. The most flagrant example was the report, repeated in successive bulletins, of the detention of the Co-operative delegation whose aeroplane made a forced landing in Poland. I am told that, despite protests from the newsroom, this trivial incident was broadcast long after the true facts had been received by the B.B.C monitors. Since the B.B.C. Home Service now blankly refuses to receive any directive or advice from the Government—it has become remarkably "independent" under a Socialist administration—the responsibility for its news policy rests entirely on the shoulders of the Director-General and his lieutenants. I can't help wondering whether they really think that, by blowing up such stories, they are assisting the British component of the Control Commission in their task in Berlin. No Russian or American believes—what is the sober truth—that the B.B.C. is *really* independent, or that Mr. Haley can run a news policy in disregard of Government wishes. They believe that the B.B.C. is the voice of the Government, and draw their own conclusions. This puts Mr. Attlee in an intolerable position. He has no desire to modify the independence of the B.B.C. But he is held responsible by foreign Powers for everything which the B.B.C. officials choose to broadcast or to suppress. We might well be better off if we copied the Australians, New Zealanders and Canadians who all have one Government Broadcasting service, which makes no pretensions to "independence," and one commercial network, for whose output no one holds the Government responsible. If relations between the Government and the B.B.C. do not change considerably, I would not be surprised if this proposal is seriously considered when the B.B.C. charter comes up for review next year.

* * *

I cannot remember any important strike in the past in which my sympathies have not been broadly with the men, even when I have thought their action unwise. After all, men do not give up their wages and risk their jobs for fun. But the London gas-workers' strike seems to be completely inexcusable. I am told that the men have a strong case and I can well believe it. If so, the strike was the more idiotic, because success in a strike depends on letting the public understand the case, and not in sudden action which must alienate sympathy from rich and poor alike. What do these strikers think the reaction was of men home on leave, of women prevented from cooking their Sunday dinner, and from the general public plunged into wartime black-out? If the strike were part of a revolution we should then at least have an issue. But there is no revolutionary or indeed political object in view—unless it is to aid the general offensive against Labour now being conducted by employers who have everything to gain from unofficial strikes. I know nothing of the attitude of the Gas, Light and Coke Company, but many employers are delighted at the opportunity of beating militant unions with public approval at a time when they want to lower wages. Above all, such strikes please people of Fascist sympathy who recall that the swing to Mussolini began when the general public grew impatient at a series of lightning strikes in one industry and service after another. I was glad that Harry Pollitt put this danger squarely before the Communist Party Conference, and that in this case an infuriated public cannot fasten the blame on to their usual scapegoat.

* * *

A full account has now reached me of the confusion that occurred over the atomic bomb offer to Russia during Mr. Attlee's visit to Washington. On Sunday, November 11th, British officials and a few of the correspondents were given an "off the record" story of Mr. Attlee's proposals. The offer was to share with the Soviet Union the technological secrets, and to accompany this offer with a request to the Soviet Union to make a full account of her security demands. Once these were stated, negotiations were to begin. Unfortunately this was interpreted in some newspapers to mean that the secrets of atomic production would be kept from Russia unless they promised to make no further demands of any kind. The difference is perhaps one of emphasis and of tact, but none the less vitally important. The British planned to dispel this false interpretation, but were stopped at Mr. Attlee's own request because the State Department was opposed to information of any kind about the British offer being given to the press. Apparently the British were accused of "leaking." As a result, the real story of the negotiations became at once the sole property of rumour-mongers, while the British effort to put the bomb at the disposal of U.N.O was transformed into a simultaneous effort by all parties to stall about the whole thing. It is quite possible that the State Department, which was under heavy fire at the time, had no sinister motive in preventing the confusion being cleared up, but the result was certainly what some important people in America wanted, and the conclusion drawn by some well-informed people is that on this occasion, so far from the British being the cunning diplomats, it was the American reactionaries who outsmarted the open-handed British.

* * *

On the way home from Belgrade, we stopped at Trieste. I completely discounted the propaganda. Passing through Slovene villages, packed with cheering crowds, visiting factories plastered with pictures of Tito and Stalin, and driving through the red-bannered working-class district of Trieste told me nothing about public opinion except that Communist and Yugoslav organisers are active. (A Labour M.P. remarked to me that at the beginning of his election campaign anybody visiting his constituency would have been sure that the Communist would get in by an overwhelming majority. In fact the Communist candidate lost his deposit.) But I was able to form certain impressions from independent discussions with British and American officers, Italians and Yugoslavs. One fact I learnt from visiting the dock area is that a speedy decision is absolutely necessary. Unlike the city, which remains substantially intact, the buildings and plants round the docks have been smashed up by bombing. I watched dinner being given out to men in one blitzed factory; it consisted of a small bowl of soup, and from what I heard of the wages and the bread ration available, I concluded that the men were justified in saying they were half starved. The factories and the dockyards will not be restored until a decision is made, because neither the old employers nor the governments can embark on the large expenditure necessary while the present uncertainty exists. This economic misery greatly strengthens the Yugoslav case, for Yugoslavia is an independent country bent on a reconstruction. If Trieste becomes Yugoslav it will be the biggest town and port in the country, and Yugoslavia will have every incentive to develop it and to encourage the trade of Slovenia and Austria, Czechoslovakia and Hungary, on which the prosperity of the place depends. Italy has not the same need for Trieste; she has other shipping and shipbuilding centres, and if Trieste goes to Italy I should be afraid that Trieste would become another Danzig.

* * *

Both Italians and Yugoslavs advance population and ethnographic statistics and historical arguments which seem to me largely irrelevant and often bogus. In particular it is useless to base any policy on atrocity stories; the Italians, in making aggressive war, and the Slovenes, in the flush of victory, have done unspeakable things to each other. If Trieste goes to Yugoslavia and becomes an independent unit of the Yugoslav federation, which is Tito's proposal, then an opportunity should be given for Italians who are not war criminals, but who have been active against Yugoslavia, to leave the city before Yugoslavia takes over. Some of us had a long talk with Col. Bowman, the head of the Allied Mission. He is a sensible and fair-minded lawyer from California. I am satisfied that he is genuinely concerned about the welfare of the people. High policy is not primarily his concern. I understand that he may need from U.N.R.R.A. help for the people this winter in addition to the supplies that he gets in through military channels. He seems to get on well both with many Yugoslav and Italian leaders, and I formed the impression that he was doing his best to compile honest electoral lists for a future plebiscite. Everybody knows, however, that the future of Trieste is not really an Italian-Yugoslav problem, but part of the general relations of the Western Powers with the Soviet Union and the revolutionary countries of Eastern Europe and the Balkans. If Italy emerges from her present miserable tutelage and gets her own popular government, the hatred between the two countries will gradually dissipate and Trieste will become genuinely international.

* * *

Once a drayman's boy himself, Mr. Bevin knew what he was talking about when he told King George of Greece to put "no more sprags in the wheel." According to the dictionary a sprag is a "billet of wood or similar device for checking the wheel of a cart." Just the right word; it should take its place along with helms and rudders and cards on the table and the score of other metaphors we commonly use to describe modes of political behaviour. For some silly reason Mr. Bevin's word "sprag" has been changed in Hansard to the hackneyed "spoke" in the wheel which, when you come to think of it (which you seldom do) means nothing, since wheels have their fixed complement of spokes and would still go round if King George or some other mischief-maker were to add one extra.

CRITIC

DEBTOR DIPLOMACY

Says Halifax to Keynes:
"It seems to me quite funny
That we've got all the brains,
But they've got all the money."
Says Keynes: "I own it's rummy,
But still the fact remains
That we can't get their money
In spite of all our brains."

O. K.

CRISIS IN ITALY

THE gravity of the political crisis engineered by the Right Wing of Senor Parri's six-party Coalition Government is measurable only against its background—the resurgence of anti-democratic forces in a country gripped by economic paralysis. Deprived of German coal and iron, and desperately short of all other raw materials, Italian industry is working at barely a quarter of its pre-war production rate. With the distribution of food and consumers' goods handicapped by an extreme shortage of transport, hoarding by peasants is matched by an immense black market. Allied requisitioning has increased scarcity; the numbers of unemployed have been swollen by the return of prisoners of war and of at least a million slave workers from the Reich, over whom the Committee of National Liberation has little or no control. Split geographically by the traditional rift (intensified by the war) between North and South, Italy has been administered by a Coalition to which the Allies have denied any real power to govern.

The resignation of the reactionary Liberal party from the Government was designed primarily as a protest against current restrictions on the right of employers to discharge workers and against the proposed capital levy on war profits. But behind those motives lay the determination of the big industrialists, whose interests the party serves, to ensure that the half-hearted purge of Fascists so far carried out in Italy should never threaten their position and undiminished wealth. When the Christian Democrats decided that, with the departure of the Liberals, the mandate given by the C.N.L. to Signor Parri must be held to have lapsed, the Coalition was burst wide open. Now overtly backing the monarchy, the Vatican has been for many months endeavouring, not without some success, to swing the leadership of the Christian Democrats away from Republicanism, and to make the party its chief agent in anti-Communist crusade so. In forcing the resignation of Signor Parri, who shrank from the risk of civil strife involved in forming a government relying predominantly on the support of the Communists and Socialists, the Christian Democrats sided in effect with the Liberals and the still more reactionary groups of the extreme Right.

Behind these party manoeuvres are even more disquieting developments. The "Front of the Common Man," organised by Giannini, founder of the astonishingly successful weekly *Uomo Qualunque*, appears to have been financed (on lines unpleasantly reminiscent of 1922) by the big industrialists in Turin and Milan. Nationalist, anti-Communist, ridiculing the whole idea of *epuration*, and calling for "an end to all parties," the Front demands "firm" treatment of Italy's problems and appeals to the young middle-class, disgruntled ex-prisoners of war and the mass of politically unorganised unemployed. Encouraged by the growth of this neo-Fascist movement, and by the recent escapes from prison of a number of leading Fascists, such as Pellegrini, Monarchist and other anti-democratic organisations have been increasingly active, particularly in the South. There have been reports of attacks on Socialist offices by the San Marco marines, of the emergence in Apulia of so-called "Unionist" non-party leagues, and of violent agitation against the Left by such bodies as the "Gruppi d'Azione Monarchica" and the chauvinistic "Movimento Tricolore." Add the fact that hidden arms are plentiful in Italy, and the explosive nature of the situation can readily be appreciated.

It is a situation for which the Allies bear considerable responsibility. Belatedly, after many postponements, it is now announced that Allied Military Government in the North is shortly to be wound up. This will end the fantastic situation in which the Italian Prime Minister cannot travel from one Italian city to another without Allied permission. But there is no indication yet when Italy may expect to be free from the paralysing jurisdiction of the Allied Commission, which has created the impression that the cardinal principle of Allied policy has been to prevent the Resistance from carrying through a social revolution. Not merely have the Allies insisted on the retention in the Quirinal of a monarchy which has been the focal point of reactionary intrigue; the attitude of A.M.G. in Northern Italy—as illustrated by its refusal to allow local committees of the C.N.L. more than advisory status, and by such actions as the appointment of ex-Fascists to high Police posts, the dismissal of mayors installed by the C.N.L., and the holding of local elections on a franchise which has prevented the majority of Partisans from voting—has been such as to convince Italy that the Allies are on the side of the "reliable," propertied classes, and that no financial assistance or freedom from tutelage can be expected by an Italy under a Left government.

Whatever the immediate solution of the Cabinet crisis may be, it is imperative, we suggest, that the British Government should disabuse Italy of the idea, now being assiduously inculcated by the unholy combination of big industrialists, monarchists, the Church and the neo-Fascists, that our purpose is to "save Italy from Bolshevism" and turn the peninsula into a bastion, within an Anglo-American sphere of influence, against the U.S.S.R. It is up to Mr. Bevin to kill this myth, and persuade the U.S. State Department, as he has done in the case of Greece, that aid for reconstruction must not have political conditions attached to it—least of all conditions with a bias in favour of the Right.

One further thing we can do: we can make it plain that we are determined that the forthcoming elections in Italy shall be held freely without threats of violence from the Right. Fortunately the Italian Communists have a leader, in Togliatti, who has given proof of moderation and political shrewdness. The Communist bogy in Italy is deliberately built up by the Vatican and the monarchy for their own unedifying purposes. If the elections are to be genuinely free, it must be clearly understood that we no longer recognise any commitments of the past to the monarchy or Marshal Badoglio, and that we have no intention of allowing liberated Italy to be victimised once again by Fascism.

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to W. F. Higgitt.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

When Queen Mary went to the pictures last night the film that she saw was censored.

It was not possible to delete anything from the film; but while Queen Mary was seeing it passages in the dialogue were damped down so that they were hardly audible.

It is not intended to continue this censorship of the picture.—*Evening News.*

Major Smalley will begin a book at the last line of the last page, reading through to the front, holding the book upside down. It takes him no longer than the normal way of reading, and he claims it gives printed matter freshness.—*Evening Standard.*

Wanted, one or more soundly-converted souls able to play the piano-accordion.—*Outside Chapel in Leyton.*

Washable Doll, as new, wets nappies when fed with bottle provided, 25s.—Advt. in *Sutton Herald.*

Sideboard, very heavily built from light oak. Owing to its "Ecclesiastical" design it would be most suitable for a Church altar; or useful for a boarding house, etc.—Advt. in *Dalton's Weekly.*

THE GREATER LONDON CHAOS

A CONSTRUCTIVE policy for the planning of Greater London could not be expected from the last Government. The present Government promises legislation on the Uthwatt Report and greater powers to local authorities for the swift acquisition of land. It has not yet made any statement of policy on the crucial issues of the Abercrombie Report, on planned decentralisation or the location of industry.

At this moment housing sites are being wrongly located; overcrowded areas in Middlesex and elsewhere are being still further built up, or sites are being developed in them. The London County Council are planning large developments in neighbouring counties, in flat contradiction of the principles advocated by town planners for a generation. The licensing of private builders for speculative developments, even in overcrowded areas, is beginning, and there is no adequate legislation to prevent the extension of industrial development. Inquiries from industrialists being received almost daily at some Town Halls show that they, at any rate, do not know whether the disastrous movement towards Greater London has been finally stopped.

The Borough of Southall is used here as a reasonably typical example of the situation in which a municipal borough outside the L.C.C. area now finds itself. Its population grew rapidly in the inter-war years, and industrial and residential development changed the face of a pleasant Middlesex village. During the war, there was a further, though slower, increase due to the expansion of war industry: labour was brought in by compulsory direction and otherwise, and there was also voluntary evacuation to Southall from the central London areas. It was generally assumed that the people from London would go back at the first opportunity, but it now emerges that most of them do not want to return. Sir Patrick Abercrombie has said that every family with one child or more should have a house. We now know that this is what the people desire. But how can this be achieved in London to-day?

There are now 2,490 live applications for Council houses in Southall and fresh applications, mostly from people without homes of their own, are coming in at the rate of nearly fifty a week. There is an older area which needs redevelopment, but scarcely another fresh house should by rights be erected. According to Sir Patrick Abercrombie Southall has 11,000 too many people in it already.

To meet this situation, there is one small site for 100 permanent houses within the boundary. Another site has been acquired in the adjoining Borough of Heston and Isleworth; but Brentford and Chiswick also acquired a site in this same borough some time ago. There are only two remaining areas of agricultural land of any size. One is destined for 300 factory-made bungalows; the other is being developed by private builders and the licence to build the first instalment has already been issued. It is in fact impossible for Southall ever to build to meet adequately the needs of those who belong there, who work there or who want to live there. This applies to most areas adjacent to the L.C.C. boundary.

On October 9th this year, the Minister of Health told the Association of Municipal Corporations that authorities were urged to acquire sites to meet their housing needs and should not hesitate to acquire them, if necessary, outside their own boundaries, as boundaries were artificial. But this statement is no help to Middlesex—the most densely populated administrative county, except London, in Great Britain—where local authorities are competing with each other for sites outside their boundaries in a desperate attempt to get land to meet their own pressing need. This kind of thing is no solution to our problem, nor is it conducive to the growth of a co-operative feeling between authorities

who should stand together for a constructive policy to save what remains of the open country, The L.C.C. overspills into Middlesex (or somewhere else), but where will the overspill from Middlesex go unless we have at least the Abercrombie Plan ?

Great difficulty arises, too, from the varying practices of local authorities about the residential qualification. According to the Report on Housing Management forwarded to them by the Ministry on October 9th, this qualification varies from six months to ten years in different letting schemes. With regard to the " work " qualification, which is encouraged in Circular 109/45 relating to men in H.M. Forces, the practice again varies. The more up-to-date authority gets landed with more than its fair share of applicants. One result of all this is that the individual applicant is frequently reduced to a state of exasperation and despair by being sent on from one Town Hall to another. If the first Town Hall tries to avoid this, correspondence or H.M. Forces Housing Forms pass to and fro as each authority tries to shift the responsibility.

The individual local authority cannot solve the problem and is forced into the necessity of playing its own hand and thus intensifying the general chaos. It is clear that the framework of a general plan is needed at once, but not only a Greater London Plan. The provincial cities also need industrial planning. It should be said plainly that the attitude of some provincial local authorities is one great obstacle to implementing the Barlow Report. I have worked in a Northern County Borough which, heaven knows, was too industrialised already, where every effort was made to attract more industry, irrespective of the proper planning of the town itself or the country. But how is this attitude to be changed unless the fear of economic depression is swept away? Meanwhile—it is happening now—great firms announce their intention to concentrate their various factories without any plan or control, into areas that are already shockingly congested and over-industrialised.

There are administrative steps that should be taken at once; legislative remedies must deal with the longer-term problem. Under the first heading, the Ministry of Health should secure some uniformity of action about residential and work qualifications, and make it plain to local authorities, as there are not enough houses to go round, which cases can most fairly be deferred in line with longer-term policy. The situation would be a little less unbearable if everyone pursued a similar policy on these points. The latest Report on Housing Management says : " Local authorities should therefore review the conditions of any residential qualification laid down for their districts with a view to its adaptation to modern conditions "—and leaves it at that.

Again, why not extend the " central pool " arrangements for the bombed-out to cover ordinary housing cases and to deal with cases of special hardship without a claim on any particular local authority. The Ministry could direct that a small proportion of new accommodation in each area should be allocated to the " central pool." We helped each other out during the bombing under an inter-group rehousing scheme which worked well. The present emergency also demands adjustment between areas.

Another immediate step which the Minister could take while we await new legislation, is to make it clear that the Government accepts the principles of the Abercrombie Plan, plus planned decentralisation on a national basis, and that it intends that no further industrial development should be permitted in Greater London save in the most exceptional circumstances. Private builders, whilst not actually prohibited at once from developing sites, would thus be given a clear warning that speculative development is unwise, especially in the areas which, according to the Abercrombie scheme, are to have smaller populations than in the past. Legislation to carry out these promises should follow as rapidly as possible, and the sooner the Barlow Report is taken from its dusty shelf the better.

The legislative remedies for the present appalling situation are well known, but politicians have perhaps not fully realised that long-term policy must be social as well as economic. The provinces need not only houses, but shopping centres, theatres, better transport, universities. The aim should be to draw out sections of all classes from the London area. The method is to make living outside the congested chaos of London more attractive. No one will advocate compulsory direction of individuals away from London, but no one wants to see the economic compulsion of unemployment again forcing people from depressed areas. The problem of Greater London cannot be solved quickly, but all the more reason to start now and decisively reverse the movement southwards.

JEAN M. THOMPSON

BRITAIN'S PEACETIME ARMY

[*The following open letter to the Secretary of State for War is written by an officer now serving in the Army. The opinions he expresses are, we believe, widely held among junior officers.*]

DEAR MR. LAWSON,—With all your other preoccupations, including that of getting people out of khaki, I wonder if you have had time to consider how your peacetime Army is to be raised and run. Quite a number of your officers and men, who are attracted to Army life, have been thinking about it and hoping to see you lay down the principles of a good, healthy, democratic and efficient force. We are worried lest you should be inclined to leave this to that powerful section of senior officers who are anxious to return to pre-'39 conditions—the meaningless round of soul-destroying jobs for private soldiers with a standing little above the convict's, and of sports, hunting, racing and social activities for officers who knew that efficiency was frowned on and that any officer who wrote or spoke seriously about his job was branded as dangerous. When the war came in 1939, work and training took precedence. Now danger has gone there is a strong drive in units and messes to reintroduce all the little things that gave the Regular Army a bad name with the civilian population.

Now, Mr. Lawson, we don't want a bad reputation with anyone. We want to be regarded, not as half-wits, cranks and snobs, but as normal people doing an honourable and useful job. Our Army should be drawn from all sections of the public and all positions in it should be open to all men—provided only that they are efficient soldiers ; not that they come from a certain class, have been to the proper schools and talk in a way usually incomprehensible to most of their men. This holds good whether we have a large or small Army, whether atomic science completely changes warfare, and whether we have a volunteer or a conscript Army. If you lay down the principles of behaviour and basic conditions of service, whatever form the actual force takes, you will get a spirit and result that we have never had before.

First, we must make sure that the old idea of " going for a soldier " being shameful is never allowed to come back in the public mind. While it may have had foundations in Wellington's day (when only men incapable of fitting into society went into the Army), it is not true to-day. Of course, if pay and conditions sink so low that only the poorest human material in the labour market is attracted, it may come back. So first, the Army must be raised to the status of a career for all. This means that pay must be the same for Army tradesmen as their " skilled " brothers in " civvy street." The present ridiculous pay code with its innumerable shades of distinction between tradesmen and non-tradesmen must be swept away and a new and better one take its place. The infantryman to-day has to be able to do the mathematics of his job—map-reading, range-finding, dial-setting, and so forth—and he must learn to drive a carrier or a car, work and maintain a wireless set, even fire artillery, as well as drill, march, dig and use small arms. In the real military sense he is the true craftsman of the Army. Therefore, he must be paid a skilled tradesman's rate once he has learnt all his skills—say, in one to two years.

As for living conditions, Mr. Lawson, you know the Commandos have proved that you don't have to shut men up in large jail-like barracks to maintain the discipline essential to a good Army. So save the public's money from being wasted on this item so dear to the hearts of some of our brass-hats and give it instead in realistic living-out allowances to your trained soldiers. Barracks and camps will still be necessary for recruits at training depots and for manœuvre centres and overseas garrisons, but not for our new Army of citizen tradesmen once they are trained and are not on exercises or foreign service. Instead of barracks for these, let us have hostels on the model of those of the war factories, near but not part of the Army working centre and free from endless inspections by sergeant-majors and orderly officers, who will be better employed in learning logistics of the more deadly side of their calling. In these hostels can live the single men or those who don't want to live in lodgings. For married men, the Army should rent houses and apportion them according to the size of their families. And as factories arranged special bus services to get their workers to out-of-the-way sites, so can our new Army.

The Army should cut out the supply of furniture and utensils to quarters and messes at home, the chief virtue of which was that they were solidly made to be used either in these places or in prisons. It should issue, instead, a furniture and contingent allowance. This would allow our soldiers' wives to furnish their houses as they wished, like any other man's wife, and reduce public expenditure in storing and accounting.

As for dress, we want to be proud of our Army. So give us smart, good uniforms that we will sometimes want to wear, but also allow the wearing of civilian clothing when *not* on actual duty. Give all ranks a uniform for formal evening wear, dances, etc., a walking-out dress that would be smart without too much polishing, a service or battle dress, and a working or fatigue dress. And please allow the troops to keep their collars and ties.

Leave of a month a year, with free travel, should be granted as a right, not a privilege, and only lost for such logical reasons as, say, absence without leave. It would also be a grand idea if the Army would run a number of holiday hostels at the seaside and holiday centres inland, where junior ranks could go with their families to have the change everyone needs. Also some liaison with the W.E.A or similar body. Every big city should have a good Services hotel, run on non-profit modern lines without any of the usual dish-washing atmosphere that goes with these things, for men to use on the move. And please, Mr. Lawson, do something about troopships ! Do not let us have a return to those pre-war types—vessels where 50 officers and their families had 75 per cent. of the ship and 2,000 O.R.'s the remaining 25 per cent., practically all below deck. These quaint survivals of prison and emigrant ships should be banned for evermore.

Then, of course, there's the important question how you are going to get your officers. Please don't let Colonel Blimp's friends tell you that they only come from one class. This war has manifestly shown that idea to be a fallacy based on snobbery and class distinction. Do not allow anyone to become an officer direct. The only entry should be into the ranks ; and, once in, the only qualification should be military efficiency, not accidents of birth and schooling. The Military College and Academy should be overhauled and reorganised to deal with this new kind of officer material ; all unnecessary social nonsense must be dropped from the curriculum and the em-

phasis put on making perfect officers, not perfect gentlemen of the aloof, pop-eyed type. Also please discourage that stiflingly narrow social mess life where more often than not junior officers and their wives are henpecked by the C.O.'s "Lady," who uses the Army social system to exercise petty tyranny.

There is one final matter to be dealt with to complete this New Model Army of the People, and that is the matter of finding jobs for us when we leave the Army. In the bad old 'tween war days, the brass-hats and their friends in the Government had a scheme whereby they got their men by phoney publicity—"The Army as a Career," for 3 to 6 years. Then, in order to build up the reserve, 80 per cent. of these young men were thrown out, after losing the most critical part of their lives. Little or nothing was done for their future apart from some dilettante vocational training at one small centre and pious appeals to employers to give these men jobs. The kind-hearted capitalist employers usually gave them "good" jobs as porters, commissionaires and other blind-alley occupations at a very low wage, knowing they were in receipt of reserve pay or pension. Obviously we must have some men on short-service, engagement to build up reserves, and we must discharge men at 45 or so. Obviously, too, if we want to obtain the right kind of men we must do something about their future when the Army is finished with them. The responsibility is the Government's, and therefore guarantee of continued employment at a fair wage after leaving the colours must be given—if need be, by earmarking various Government employments such as the Police, G.P.O., Civil Service, Railways, etc., for ex-soldiers. And can we not fairly ask the Trade Unions to accept discharged Army tradesmen as full and qualified members?

Well, there you are, Mr. Lawson, that's what some of your officers and men think you should do for the new Army. All these suggestions are in keeping with the whole spirit and philosophy of the Labour Party, which has been so overwhelmingly elected with the help of the Services' votes.

T. ATKINS

ANNIVERSARIES

THERE occurred the other day a little cluster of musical anniversaries. On November 21st, 1695, Henry Purcell died; on November 22nd, 1913, Benjamin Britten was born; and on November 22nd, for many centuries past, musicians have celebrated the festival of Cecilia, their tutelary saint. Both Purcell and Britten have written music in honour of Saint Cecilia; and perhaps it was this fact which suggested to some bright spirit a triple celebration at the Wigmore Hall. At all events the results were so exhilarating that I see no reason why the festival should not become an annual event.

Even the most idealistic of concert promoters is apt to find Purcell a baffling problem: so much of his best work is tucked away in *pièces d'occasion* for which the occasion will never return.

He was a divinely gifted composer, unlucky in the moment of his birth no less than in the brevity of his life.

However it may be in the other arts, it is always unfortunate for composers to be born into a period of transition—a fact to which more than one of our contemporaries might well testify. In Purcell's day the critical seventeenth-century transition from polyphony to monody was well advanced, but no one had yet succeeded in creating for the new wine bottles as perfectly adapted to their contents as were the old polyphonic forms of madrigal, "fancy," motet and mass. Not even Purcell's great Continental predecessors, Monteverde and Schütz, were able to achieve this; and they both lived to a great age, while Purcell died at the summit of his genius in his thirty-seventh year. And he came up against another, more local obstacle. His genius was intensely dramatic, even theatrical, and he has remained unsurpassed in the art of setting the English language to music: in short, he was born to be a great composer of English opera. But our attitude towards opera in English remained for centuries (right up to Weber's *Oberon* in 1826) detestably lukewarm; we insisted on paddling instead of bathing, and composers found themselves restricted to a glorified and extended kind of incidental music. As a result, not one of Purcell's full-length "operas" can be revived to-day except as an act of antiquarian homage.

All this is true; but last week's performances were organised by a handful of our best young musicians who are out-and-out Purcell enthusiasts; and it must be said that the results were electrifying, particularly on the first evening, when Benjamin Britten played the piano parts in which he had "realised the thoroughbass" of all the compositions performed.

That is a phrase which may need some explanation for readers unfamiliar with the appearance of old music. Formerly the keyboard part was seldom written out in full, but consisted only of the bass line with rough and spasmodic indications of the harmony; the keyboard performer, who was very often the composer, was expected to display his taste and ingenuity by the way in which he filled out these indications. In modern Purcell editions (of which there are painfully few in any case) this task has generally been fulfilled, not by creative musicians, or even by performers, but by scholars, critics and musicologists. The result is respectable, but often dull.

On the "authenticity" of Britten's realisations I am not musicologist enough to pronounce, and it is possible that they would have astonished Purcell; but there is plenty of evidence to show that he liked astonishing and being astonished, and I can hardly doubt that he would also have been delighted. At any rate, we were. Britten has always excelled in the invention of figuration, and his intense sympathy for his predecessor has prompted him to create patterns as satisfying as they are unexpected. Listening to the Witch of Endor scena, or to *The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation*, one no longer felt that one was assisting at a rite or a revival; one was simply enjoying a splendid piece of music. And by the time we reached the group of Secular Songs (deliciously sung by Margaret Ritchie, Peter Pears, and Richard Wood), the concert had long since ceased to be a memorial occasion and had become as much an orgy of unrestrained enjoyment as Tchaikovsky in B flat minor at the Albert Hall.

But that was not the end of our excitements. The concerts also included two new works by Britten himself, "written in homage to Henry Purcell." One was his *Second String Quartet*: a work which shows, in my opinion, a great advance over his First, and may prove to be a transitional work in his output. Hithert his purely instrumental compositions have lacked the sensuous appeal and depth of feeling that have delighted us in his settings of words. But the new quartet began with a tune in octaves, of such haunting originality and beauty as to make us feel that we were catching a first, Cortez-like glimpse of this composer's instrumental Pacific. Presently, it is true, we seemed to be back again in the choppy Atlantic; particularly in the Scherzo, where the notion of muted strings playing *fortissimo* rather outstayed its welcome. But we were rewarded by the long and impressive Chacony (a Purcellian form) which brings the whole work to an emotional and intellectual climax of remarkable power.

Power was again the keynote of the second Britten novelty, a setting of Donne's *Holy Sonnets* for tenor and piano. The audacity of the attempt, no less than its success, is typical of the composer. The sonnet is notoriously the most difficult kind of verse to set to music; and here we have nine of them on end! It is a volcanic composition, having little in common with the enchanting *Serenade*. In it Britten seems wholly possessed by the "fantastic hippogryph" of Donne's imagination; his sensuality, violence, mysticism and terror. The opening of the first sonnet, "O my black Soule!", has a bareness and intensity which at once proclaim the profound sympathy of poet and composer. In the second, "Batter my heart," those familiar with his other music can perhaps imagine the furious energy of the setting, and the concerto-like brilliance of the piano part. But not all is violence: later on there comes a song of celestial meditation which melts the senses by a long chain of extraordinary modulations. The sonnets were incomparably performed by the composer and Peter Pears; and I fear that the adverb must be taken literally, for I cannot imagine who else is going to perform them. I had meant one day to chide the composer for his perpetual cult of extreme virtuosity, but this time I cannot: it was justified.

I have left myself no space to discuss the notable part played in these doings by the Zorian String Quartet, and by Michael Tippett and his Morley College contingent. Would that all celebrations were equally enlivening!

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

Schwanda. The performance of Weinberger's best-seller, which opened the new season of studio opera, was at any rate a brave effort. My own reaction to this clever, but coarse and third-rate music is so extremely unfavourable that I am disinclined to criticise it, since I feel that—as in the case of Epstein's water-colours, which it closely resembles—the enormous success it enjoys must be accounted for by qualities concealed from me. So I will content myself with observing that, if the British public really takes kindly to this particular brand of eclecticism, a whole packet of operas, less jolly in plot but more dramatic and musically quite as tuneful and effective, has existed on the Continent for many years past. Schillings's *Mona Lisa*, Schreker's *Die Gezeichneten*, Respighi's *La Fiamma*, d'Albert's *Tiefland* and *Die Toten Augen*, Wolf-Ferrari's *Sly* and *I Quattro Rusteghi*: these are examples which spring to my mind, and reflection would certainly reveal others. Everything that care and skill could do to put *Schwanda* across, last week, was done; but nothing could conceal the fact that this opera is most ill-adapted to radio presentation. The whole action, particularly in the second act, depends upon being seen as well as heard, and for this the constant interruptions of a narrator were not an efficient substitute. Moreover, the extravagant orchestration is so distracting, and the whole texture so busy and complex, that the ear quickly became overburdened with sound. I wish composers would turn their attention to the very real and interesting possibilities of radio opera, for it cannot be denied that the qualities usually associated with successful stage operas—enormous choral ensembles, elaborate action, scenic effects, heavy voice parts and orchestral gymnastics—are peculiarly hard to push through the microphone, which will swallow a gnat but strains at a camel. Meanwhile at least one perfect "studio" opera already exists: Bartok's *Bluebeard's Castle*. Let me assure you that this suggestion is *not* just a highbrow quirk. The opera was written in 1911 and displays none of those features of Bartok's later style which the ordinary musical person finds so difficult to stomach. If not simple, the music is sensuous and passionate—beautiful in the accepted sense, self-evident and highly dramatic. The opera lasts exactly one hour, demands only two singers, and, consisting as it does of a series of static tableaux, could hardly be better adapted to radio. In the Theatre Orchestra Stanford Robinson has an instrument a good deal better disciplined than the other orchestras permanently employed by the B.B.C., none of which can be relied upon not to give a slovenly performance. If presented with this splendid opportunity, I feel pretty sure both he and they would rise to it.

French Cabaret. Hidden away at 11 p.m. on Fridays, this most enjoyable and well chosen programme of happy nostalgia is easy to miss. It is worthy of a more accessible hour. The humour of many of the songs is delicious, and the French language etches undue sweetness from the background of even the more sentimental lyrics.

To-day in Parliament. Another regular broadcast which deserves a better time. Now that the war is over and those who control our lives resort less often to the microphone to tell us what is going on, people are apt to be misinformed or too busy to get at the facts for themselves. These broadcasts are remarkably lucid and not at all dull.

RECOMMENDATIONS.—*December 2nd.* "Time for Verse" (10.48 p.m.); Recital (Pierre Bernac and Francis Poulenc, 11.3 p.m.).

December 3rd. This Week's Composer: Sibelius (every morning, 9.30); "Book Talk" (Desmond MacCarthy, 6.30 p.m.); "Man in Society" (Crime and Punishment, 7.30 p.m.); "Death of a Poet" (9.15 p.m.).

December 4th. "Calling all Sportsmen" (L.P. 8.45 p.m.).

December 5th. "French for the Forces" (L.P. 10 a.m.); "Music of Our Time" 7.30 p.m.).

December 6th. Northern Orchestra (Iso Elinson, 7.25 p.m.).

December 7th. Records of Fidelio (3.30 p.m.); "Ring up the Curtain" (Ballet music, L.P. 8.10 p.m.).

December 8th. "Hindle Wakes" (9.20 p.m.).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST.

THE MOVIES

"Days of Hope" and "Out of Chaos," at the Academy.
"Brief Encounter," at the New Gallery.

No films, perhaps, aesthetically considered, are golden, but this week can show two that are worth their weight in silver. *Days of Hope* is the film of Malraux's novel, or rather the novel was written out of the film, and both sprang from revolution and war in Spain. Malraux, who played an active part in forming the Republican air force, directed the film. Thus, the usual complaint against the artist, that he is a non-participant, and that distance or time yields a false detachment, hardly applies here. We read the novel in the years before the War, looking forwards as well as back; and it seemed then—and was—magnificent. The comparison must be, not with such towering classics as *War and Peace* (written fifty years or so after Borodino), but with the other fiction that came out of the Spanish war. We think at once of Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*—book and film—and may well ask what the recollection in tranquillity has added beyond an incongruous love-affair, a snuggling Rabbit, and some comic-grandiose transliterations of speech. Hemingway—a writer of genius, after all—has even supplied his own yardstick in the film *Spanish Earth*, made on the spot, which will show us how far fiction has travelled in cheapening reality. No such charge can be brought against Malraux. His faults are of another kind. He belittles individual feelings and tragedy, as does war itself, and this results in a realism, not flat indeed, but muddled. I fancy that this would be my criticism of the novel if I re-read it to-day, and it is certainly true of the film, scrappier, less broad in its sweep, lacking outline till the momentous climax.

Nevertheless, *Days of Hope* is a remarkable film. Detail after detail persuades breathlessly: the little town on the hill with its empty sunny streets and a machine-gun jabbering round the corner; workers' committees twisting information from the cautious, the lazy, the sly; two men face to face in a backyard—one shoots the other in the stomach, up fly the pigeons with a flurry of wings; a car (the only available weapon) charging a field-gun and transforming, instantly, a scene of action into a *nature morte*, dreadful in its litter; a peasant looking down from an aeroplane and trying to make out the roofs and fields 200 feet below where he has trodden every day of his life; women and old men bringing bottles, metal bins, a safe, to be crammed with dynamite; a patrol, threading its way through alleys and squares, with the lame man bringing up the rear; the church-bell adding to the din when a few Republicans break out across the space beyond the town walls; the old planes with 1913 machine-guns taking off by car lights to bomb the enemy's airfield; the bombing, the crash in the mountains, the dead and mortally wounded lifted down to stretchers, which are borne at the head of a procession growing longer and longer as it descends into the valley. This time, after the contributory chop and change, our emotions are given full play: I doubt if any ending to a film has moved us more than this one. It pleads a cause, too, irresistibly, and if *Days of Hope* weren't an achievement in its own right it would still remind us that Fascism has been allowed its victory in Spain, and that Spanish Republicans are wasting their lives in English internment camps to-day. In the same programme, Miss Jill Craigie's *Out of Chaos* shows us how appreciation of painting has spread in wartime, how the individual work of art may grow out of its surroundings. Spencer's dockyard friezes, Moore's tube shelterers, Sutherland's blitzed houses and toiling steel-mills are cunningly displayed to the eye in nature and on canvas; Sir Kenneth Clark explains the objects of the War Artists Advisory Committee and Mr. Eric Newton elucidates the picture. Lennox Berkeley's musical score adds distinction to a well-made little piece, which deserves a more general showing than it has yet received.

The reviews of *Brief Encounter* may have suggested that it is a better film than *This Happy Breed*. I don't know about that, for it is an altogether slighter affair, but Mr. Coward does see here a little more into humdrum lives. *Then*, we peeped, with sympathetic amusement, at a household touched by the times but unaware of any comic ugliness in their surroundings; now, our pair of lovers, from a better-off suburbia, go into fits over the Kardomah orchestra and *Flames of Passion* seen at the local. They are in love, getting on for middle age, each with a happy marriage in the background. We see it from the woman's point of view: the routine of family life, of gossipy friends, a weekly shopping day and visit to the pictures. On the way back she always has a cup of tea in the refreshment room before catching her train, and one week *he* turns up, also, of course, in an interval of travelling home. Their "brief encounter" consists only of such meetings leading to a few afternoons together; but by then they have to decide what—if anything—is to be done. He pleads, she says No, and after a wrench he takes a post in Africa, while she goes back to a husband, absorbed in cross-words but more conscious of what has been going on than she supposes. Humdrum little romance, but the accent this time isn't on the humdrum; every moment is made alive and pathetically touching. Admirable filmcraft gives us the setting, the worried cosiness, the conflict, and the story goes forward by the tiniest of revelations. We don't doubt, for example, that the two are really in love, while their old loves continue; and the performances of Celia Johnson (easily our best screen actress) and of Trevor Howard are faultlessly judged. The director is once more David Lean. How much the filmability of Coward owes to him and how much to Mr. Coward, it would be impossible to guess, but they work admirably together. In a medium that, more than any other, requires close fitting, such partnerships are surprisingly rare.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PORTRAITURE

At Wildenstein's there is an Arts Council exhibition consisting partly of large photographs of the masterpieces of portraiture and partly of modern English portraits. Mr. Allan Gwynne-Jones, by whom I have seen excellent portraits, has made the selection, and his notes in the catalogue are uncommonly interesting, whether he is defining the influence of Titian, accounting for his own liking of Hals, or explaining how often the most expensive modern portraits are based on photographs and thus still-born. His anthology is beautifully varied, ranging from Greco-Roman coffin-lids to Van Gogh. Like all anthologies it sometimes excites disagreement. I admire the courage that omits Van Dyck, but I am bothered by Mr. Gwynne-Jones's inclusion of the Mond Titian, which is not a portrait and the face of which has been repainted. His enthusiasm for the National Gallery Costanza dei Medici derives, I suspect, from the "modernity" of the accents in the face—a modernity not surprising since it is almost certainly a nineteenth-century picture. The choice of contemporary portraits reveals an admirable catholicity of taste; and almost every specimen is interesting. But the gallantry of a few stragglers cannot conceal the fact that portraiture has for some seventy years been a declining art. I think that Modigliani was the latest-born painter who could excite the spectator to profound emotion about a sitter. Probably painters, like politicians, but unconsciously, are infected with a disregard for the individual. Augustus John's Old Lady and Joseph Hone, Steer's Mrs. Raynes and Will Rothenstein's Barnett Freedman are the most searching and intimate portraits in this collection. Some of the others I like better as paintings, but I find none of them moving as a portrait, that is as an interpretation of character through the visible marks left by experience upon an inherited physique. Moynihan, of the younger artists represented, seems the most interested in attempting such a task. It is good news that this fascinating exhibition is to tour the country.

ROGER MARVELL

Correspondence

INDIA

SIR,—The present deteriorating political situation in India is traceable to the following factors. Some of these your soldier correspondents from India have indeed mentioned, but have not given them their true emphasis in the context of the present political unrest.

1. Months after the end of hostilities in the Pacific area, many respected and well-known Indians are still being kept in close confinement. On October 15th, the Under-Secretary of State for India made a statement in the Commons, in which he said that (*a*) those still in detention were suspected of being connected with methods of violence in the 1942 rising, and (*b*) no general amnesty would be declared.

Indians say that if the political prisoners have in fact been guilty of violence, bring them to trial and prove the charge before a just and impartial tribunal. So long as these men are denied the right of a free trial, it is natural that their innocence is universally taken for granted in India. Their continued detention only aggravates the existing suspicion of Britain's good faith. Can there really be any justification at all for keeping thousands of young men in prison now?

It is further argued in India that even if violence is proved, it should be understood that it was not a criminal but a political act, and should be treated as such. A general amnesty, in the view of all Indians, is the only thing that can put an end to the suffering and persecution of political prisoners of all categories.

2. The Defence of India rules and the various Ordinances should also be withdrawn, so that "the state of emergency" may come to a close and the country may revert to normal life.

3. The longer Indian prisons are used for housing political suspects, the longer will conditions in prisons engage the attention of the Indian public. One can hardly over-emphasise this fact. Every Indian youth is extremely sensitive to the sufferings of his fellow-workers in prisons. On August 23rd the Under-Secretary promised in the Commons that a full report on allegations of ill-treatment in police lock-ups and prisons would soon be presented to the House. Indians are anxiously awaiting this promised report, the more so because, now that many political prisoners have been released, Indian newspapers are full of reports of alleged cruelty by police and prison officers. If we agree that it is not enough that justice should be done, but that justice must also seem to be done, it is essential to appoint a Judicial Enquiry Committee to investigate the allegations. Otherwise, I am afraid, reports of cruelty in prisons will continue to be taken at their face-value, and will continue to exacerbate feelings.

4. The trial of the I.N.A. officers raises the following question in very many Indian minds. Since thousands of I.N.A. men have been released and set totally free, it is to be presumed that the principle has been officially recognised that joining the I.N.A. was fundamentally a political act and that, in the context of the overwhelming desire of Indians to free their country, the mere fact of enlisting in what they considered as a Liberation Army did not constitute a crime. If that is so, why not apply the same principle to the case of those now being tried and release them too? The declaration of a general amnesty, covering the I.N.A. men, would be an act of great statesmanship.

Also, the choice of the venue of the trial has been singularly unfortunate. The Red Fort of Delhi represents the majesty of an India that was free. To hold there the trial of the leaders of the Azad Hind Government seems to most Indians to be a calculated attempt to humiliate resurgent India's national pride.

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The above factors are combining to break the uncertain tranquillity of India. Recently I had an opportunity of discussing these views with the Secretary of State for India, and I came away with the sad impression that the India Office did not fully realise the strength of Indian sentiment on these issues. Let me say at once that all this is not in criticism of Lord Pethick-Lawrence, whose concern for India is deep and sincere; but I cannot help feeling that the urgency of the four issues I have mentioned above, issues which are close to the hearts of so many Indians, has not been fully grasped in official circles. The present tragedy in Calcutta may indeed prove to be only a prelude to greater tragedies.

Oxford. D. M. SEN

BRITISH IN THE BALKANS

SIR,—The author of the article entitled "The British and the Balkans," seeks to explain conditions in those countries by telling us that "the war has released popular forces" there. But, if so, will he tell us how it comes about that in these countries of "peasant peoples" peasant leaders, such as Maniu, Macek and Gavrilovitch, are either in voiceless opposition or in exile; to say nothing of such men as Dr. Krek, leader of the Slovene People's Party, and Mr. Topalovitch, leader of the Democratic Socialist Party and an ex-Secretary General of Trades Unions?

The answer, of course, is that Rumania, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria are suffering under minority rule—the rule of Communists, whose ideology has had little or no support among peasants.

As to his statement that "high places" in the Governments "are occupied by fanatical men whose intolerance is at worst not greater than that of the dictators they have supplanted," may I, at least in regard to Yugoslavia, quote a report from a British observer recently returned from that country after a stay of many months:—

"The dictatorship of King Alexander is now recognised by all to have been a great political blunder. But, even so, it affected little the life of the ordinary citizens. Its exactions were nothing compared to the oppressive tyranny which they have to endure to-day. And they have to endure it all in the name of 'Freedom to the People.' They see that slogan emblazoned everywhere, but for them it spells not freedom but brutal suppression and the shadow of OZNA, the secret police. So corrupted is the meaning of words by propaganda.

"Let it not be imagined that opposition to the regime is a faction of decadent dic-hards. Some estimates place it at 95 per cent..

"I personally have never met a Serbian outside Government staffs who was not secretly of the Opposition. Even among those staffs, and in the Partisan Army itself, there is much veiled opposition to 'Titler.' Some put it as high as 60 per cent. in the Army. Even the youths are divided. The civilian youths whom I knew were all in the Opposition camp. It is certain that a vast majority of a virile, hard-working, honest, clean, independent people is being held down by a ruthless small minority, by overwhelming force of arms. This is plain as daylight to anyone who has lived in Belgrade for some months, and it is tacitly admitted even by those who were once, on theoretical grounds, ardent apologists for the regime. They are disillusioned, and now refrain from discussion of the situation. The evidence of the crushing tyranny around them has forced them to silence." KATHARINE ATHOLL,
Chairman.

British League for European Freedom,
79, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

[The Duchess of Atholl, who worked devotedly for the popular movement in Spain, is now sincerely under the delusion that she is championing the cause of freedom in Eastern Europe. She took the trouble to go to Spain to see for herself. If she were now to travel with her own interpreter in Yugoslavia, and not rely on the stories retailed by the Opposition, who speak as freely in Belgrade as they do in London, she would discover that she is being dangerously misled. It was one of the principal followers of Macek who told us personally in Belgrade that he had tried to persuade the Croat Peasant Party to fight on an Opposition list, that they could have done so, and that he regarded their refusal as a fatal error. It is clear that the Duchess knows little either of the complex story of the groups to whom she refers in her first paragraph or of the story of Croat resistance to Alexander. Many of the present Yugoslav leaders have spent many years in Alexander's gaols.

There are, of course, many peasants opposed to Tito; we reported Tito's own statement that he hopes to see their discontents expressed through a recognised Opposition. We have seen numerous Yugoslav peasants and talked to them personally; we have heard lively arguments among peasant women about whom they would vote for or whether they should vote at all. Some said they would vote against Tito and did so.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

PASTEURISATION

SIR,—In reference to the letter by Mr. Bernard Loshak in your issue of November 17th, may I submit certain facts about the spread of tuberculous infection by milk?

About 40 per cent. of cattle in this country have been infected by tuberculosis. The majority suffer from tuberculosis of the lungs. They spread this infection to other cattle directly by infected breath, indirectly by dried secretion in cowsheds, and by the infection of pastures which may harbour living tubercle bacilli years after the source of infection has gone. The tuberculous cow cannot be detected with any certainty by superficial veterinary inspection. Even in the case of "T.T." herds, the interval between tuberculin tests is six months, long enough for any cow in the herd to develop tuberculosis. The tuberculin test itself, as now used, is not infallible. Thus the eradication of bovine tuberculosis by the slaughter of all infected cattle, however desirable as a long-term policy, cannot be attained in our time.

About one cow in 200 suffers from tuberculosis of the udder, and only these cattle transmit tuberculosis via milk to man. The number of farms supplying milk containing living tubercle bacilli varies from 2% in Somerset to 21% in Cheshire.

Nearly all milk supplied to large towns is bulked in 3,000 gallon tanks, each tank thus containing contributions from about 1,000 cows. Thus in every bulk container about five contributory samples may be expected to contain living tubercle bacilli. It is therefore almost inevitable that any sample of bulked milk reaching any large town will contain tubercle bacilli living and virulent.

Bovine tuberculosis causes some 80 per cent. of tuberculosis in infants, and a smaller proportion, varying with locality, in adults. For every fatal case, there are several non-fatal cases of crippling and invalidism. The bulk of bovine tuberculosis in man is non-pulmonary. The period of institutional treatment runs usually into years. The economic cost, in the upkeep of hospitals and in loss of working capacity, runs into millions of pounds annually.

Tubercle bacilli in milk are killed with certainty by efficient heat treatment, preferably after bottling. Dead tubercle bacilli, however unattractive, are harmless. The calorific food value of milk is quite unaffected by heat treatment. The slight loss of vitamins is more than compensated by the dietary supplements to which all young persons are now entitled.

Is there any need for a more convincing argument in favour of universal pasteurisation? True, it will not make dirty milk clean—that is a matter mainly for the farmer's conscience, whereas the infection of his cattle with tuberculosis may be largely outside his control.

A/CHIEF CLINICAL T.B. OFFICER

"FILMS WITHOUT DOLLARS"

SIR,—The writer of this article declares that "the problem cannot be solved merely by arbitrarily raising the renters' quota of British films." If by "arbitrarily" he means a sudden jump to a 50 per cent. quota, he is right in assuming that such a procedure might result in difficulties beyond immediate solution; but the quota can be raised progressively, as it was done most successfully in the Films Act,

which came into operation in 1928, when the exhibitor's quota started at 5 per cent. (for renters it was 7½ per cent.) rising over a period of ten years until both had reached 20 per cent. By that time most exhibitors were far exceeding their legal obligation—some were showing more than 40 per cent. British pictures. A similarly graduated increase could be fixed by law now, starting at say 25 per cent. and rising annually until 50 per cent. is reached in five years' time.

As an additional measure, the *ad valorem* tax has much to recommend it. American producers could well afford this, but it would fall heavily on Continental and other foreign language films. These could be admitted tax free, and as we would have the expense of superimposing translated sub-titles or "dubbing" English spoken sound tracks (which latter, to do really well, can cost more than such a tax is likely to be), the remission of the tax on foreign language films would assist reciprocal trade between our producers and those on the Continent, as well as provide the cinema-going public with the variety it deserves.

FILM DIRECTOR

RELEASE OF STUDENTS

SIR,—We should like to comment from our own experience on Class B releases from the Forces.

We were selected as two of the 3,000 Arts students who were to be released to resume their studies not later than the beginning of October. Authority for our release did not reach our units from H.Q., B.A.O.R., until early in October. By then the unit was under orders to move to M.E.F., and owing to a combination of unfortunate circumstances we were unable to sign our papers until we were in this theatre. It appears that G.H.Q., M.E.F., will not accept a B.A.O.R. posting without the sanction of a body called the M.E.F. Man-power Selection Board. Our documents have been forwarded to this Board through the "usual channels," and although five weeks have elapsed we have heard nothing further. We have already lost a full term and shall consider ourselves lucky if we are back for next term.

We do not wish to over-emphasise the personal aspect of this unnecessary delay, but rather to illustrate the discrepancy which appears to exist between the stated policy of the Government and its execution by the military authorities on the spot. Our case is not an isolated one; there are others in the same position out here who are merely waiting for a rubber stamp on their documents and their disposal instructions. We know of one officer who, impatient of delay, made a jeep trip to Second Echelon, sorted out his own release papers from a file, and proceeded triumphantly home. Unfortunately, such means are open only to a privileged few. The majority can only sit and wait, at the mercy of delays imposed by red tape. If building workers and teachers are to be held up in similar fashion, prospects of speeding up housing and education schemes are far from bright.

C.M.F. TWO WOULD-BE STUDENTS

PALESTINE

SIR,—The extract given below comes from an Infantry Captain, now serving in Palestine, who is to my knowledge intelligent—he is an ex-pupil of mine—and who is also completely void of political prejudice. For that reason I think it worth quoting.

". . . . There are evidences everywhere that, left to themselves, Arabs and Jews live together perfectly peaceably apart from the inevitable petty pilfering by Arabs. It is so unfortunate that, apart from its prominence in the Moslem, Jewish and Christian religions, Palestine should occupy such a key strategic and economic position in the M.E. It seems reasonably plain that Zionism is solely political and works under a cloak of religion and charity. In the main, the personnel of the Jewish community colonies are materialists and irreligious. There are too many influential bodies, Jewish and Arab, *outside* Palestine. That is where the root of the trouble is, of course—not in Palestine itself, where the present inhabitants, if sealed off from the outside world, would be quite contented. The Arab is a very lackadaisical fellow, and the Jewish population has raised the standard of living in Haifa, Tel Aviv and Jerusalem to quite a high pitch, while it still remains primitive in outlying districts."

E. M. KING.

House of Commons.

GERMAN CHILDREN

SIR,—Andrew Tomlinson's suggestion, in the NEW STATESMAN of November 17th, that teams of people should go to Germany to look after the children and help in their education is excellent. The immensity of the problem is so great, however, that more than one method of tackling it is necessary. Your readers may be interested to learn that a move has been made to collect the names and addresses of people in Britain who would be willing to offer either temporary or permanent homes to German children. When a sufficient number of offers have been collected, it is intended to approach the Government to obtain permission for the children to enter this country. There has already been an encouraging response to this appeal. Offers should be sent to the Service Secretary, Dick Sheppard House, 6, Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1. Offers of hospitality to children from other parts of the Continent should be sent to the Reception Committee, Young People From Occupied Countries.

ALEX WOOD, *Chairman.*

Dick Sheppard House,
London, W.C.1.

SIR,—Mr. Tomlinson's desire to help German children by bringing them to this country does credit to his heart, but not to his head.

(1) How many German children made use of the knowledge of Norway and Holland (which they gained when guests of those countries in the years following 1914–18) to overrun those countries in recent years?

(2) Is not the proper person to look after a child that child's mother?

Let us, by all means, do all we can to succour German children in their own country, but let us not forget the children in our own country.

The children in London who were working in classrooms without windows and without heat all through the January frosts, the children whose mothers are persistently starving themselves because the bacon and the eggs will not "go round," would be able to dispose of the food which "thousands of people in this country" seem to have at their disposal.

If the various spinsters who have rations to spare could only realise it, there are mothers who are at their wits' end to make meat and butter fats and sugar "stretch."

It is imperative that those holders of ration books who are between the ages of six and eighteen should have butter, eggs, sugar, fruit (and, dare I say? cream) in large quantities if they are not to go down with T.B. in their early twenties. Let us, therefore, agitate for an increase in the rations of these children before we worry about German children who have lived on the spoils of the whole of Europe for so long and who have only been short of food for about nine months.

I know Melksham. I congratulate Mr. Tomlinson on having his abode in such a lovely spot. Let me urge him to go to Vauxhall or Kennington and see what I saw there last January—and perhaps he and his German-speaking friends might realise that there are British, Dutch, Belgian and French children who need help and who have gone short of food for five years—to say nothing of mothers. It is not a question of rich or poor. It is merely a fact that our rations are not adequate for healthy children of ten to eighteen—and under such circumstances it is the mother who goes short.

E. E. BOWYER

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JONATHAN CAPE

BOOKS IN GENERAL

It is strange and regrettable that, in England at any rate, criticism of the drama has not often meant the same thing as dramatic criticism. Hundreds of volumes, summarising the merits and faults of thousands of English plays, from the Elizabethan age to the present day, have been written by Professors and students of literature. Few of them were playgoers.

Professor Saintsbury is an example. He wrote copiously about English dramatic literature. He wrote only one dramatic criticism. This was a eulogy of Henry Irving's Iago. At the end of it the Professor hoped that Mr. Irving "would not give us many more impersonations of this force . . . . I should have to take to going regularly to the theatre, which would cost me a great deal of time, some trouble, and not a little money." Precisely. Playgoing is a waste of time, a waste of money, and a bore. Yet we Professors know all about plays.

Except that plays are meant to be acted; that the living drama depends upon a collaboration between author, actors, producer and audience; that some of the greatest plays are not dependent for their appeal upon any recognisable charm of literary style—read Ibsen in laborious English; that lyrical decorations and eloquent speeches, dissociated from fitness in character-drawing, do not make drama, but only dialogue; that "the drama is a composite art born in the theatre; in the playwright's mind it is only germinally existent."

This definition or description is quoted from the new small volume of the World's Classics, *Specimens of English Dramatic Criticism* (Oxford University Press, 3s.), compiled by Mr. A. C. Ward, who shows in his introduction that he at least knows the difference between a play and a poem. He has determined to give us a selection of criticisms fresh from the theatre by writers who knew the stage of their times. He has recorded the prompt reactions of those whose experience has assured them that "the drama is a composite art."

But here Mr. Ward is faced by another difficulty. If the Professors of literature do not realise what a complete or animated play is, because they have so seldom seen one, the professional dramatic critics have seen so many—and so many bad ones—that they are inclined to lose all interest in plays. There is indeed nothing better calculated to destroy a man's taste for the theatre than to *compel* him to visit it four or five times a week for the months of a long "season." Few long survive the ordeal. Bernard Shaw, who wrote some of the most amusing, acute, and delightfully unjust dramatic criticisms ever published in English, endured it for nearly four years. In his last notice, headed "Valedictory," he described himself as "the slave of the theatre, tethered to the mile radius of foul and sooty air which has its centre in the Strand, as a goat is tethered in the little circle of cropped and trampled grass that makes the meadow ashamed." He added, as he resigned the burden to Sir Max Beerbohm: "I am off duty forever and am going to sleep."

I have known several eminent dramatic critics who have not waited to go off duty before going to sleep. This cultivated somnolence appears to be their defence against the monotony of playgoing. They can thus miss repetitive scenes, as the listener can turn off the radio when he begins to be bored. We can sympathise with their weariness, while we regret their lack of enthusiasm. Mr. Ward would certainly wake them up and scold them. For he would have all dramatic critics "in love with the theatre itself"; forgetting perhaps that love is a transient emotion.

Mr. Ward makes severe demands upon the dramatic critic. He would have him to be learned, enthusiastic. He ought to know something of the practical work of the playhouse. He ought to possess, as a part of his minimum equipment, "a close acquaintance with audiences on each social level," and to that end ought to sit often in the gallery or pit. He ought also to control his necessarily prolonged passion for the stage by a perfect critical disinterestedness. He must have acute sensibilities at the service of firm impartiality. Evidently a rare person. Obviously a whole-time job.

One wonders whether any man has ever answered these exalted demands. Of about forty names quoted here under the grandiose rubric of "world's classics," several are not strictly, professionally, dramatic critics.

Pepys, for example, with whom Mr. Ward begins. It is amazing to hear his scattered notes of like and dislike handed to us as "the first humanistic dramatic criticism," and said to "have more of the all-round quality of good dramatic criticism than can be found elsewhere until the nineteenth century." Pepys, a very able man in practical life, is an infant in the theatre, and his references are valuable only for the light they throw on the morals and manners of playgoers and players in the age when two privileged companies provided recreation for the Restoration Court. Ben Jonson in his *Discoveries*, and Dryden, give us "the first humanistic dramatic criticism" of a general or theoretical order; too literary, however, to be quoted here; though a few sentences from Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesie* enlighten us better upon the prevailing theatrical taste of that age than the babblings of Pepys about pretty ladies who spit backwards, and little "girles" who bend by the hams ("as all women do"); with such judgments as that the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is "the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life," and that *Macbeth* shines, though a deep tragedy, by its "proper and suitable divertisement."

There are several other names included here that do not belong to dramatic criticism, and there are two essays about music-hall artists—Max Beerbohm on Dan Leno, James Agate on Marie Lloyd—excellent in themselves, but having nothing to do with the drama; while Partridge's amazement over Garrick's Hamlet and the ghost, quoted from *Tom Jones*, is an amusing invention, an oblique tribute to natural acting, but not authentic reporting at first hand.

Of nineteenth-century criticisms, after Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt and Lamb, three emerge as having most of the ideal qualities—John Forster (Dickens's biographer); George Henry Lewes; Henry Morley. All were men learned in other matters than the stage; all were devoted to the theatre.

The first, John Forster, Mr. Ward omits altogether. "As a writer on the theatre he was less interesting than the others." Has Mr. Ward read Forster's brilliant destructive analyses of the acting of the American tragedian, Forest, as contrasted with his vivid praise of Macready—a rivalry that was to culminate in riots and blackguardism when Macready visited America? No better critic of acting had appeared before Forster began writing for *The Examiner* in 1833. I am unable to estimate Mr. Ward's standards or taste in dullness. For he later includes over a score of pages from Dutton Cook, whose *Nights at the Play* reveal him as respectable, conscientious and flat; and from the "elephantine" Joseph Knight; and these two he finds interesting because they "were writing while Henry Irving and Ellen Terry were at their best, and it is with those two players that the modern phase of English theatre history begins." Every word in that sentence is disputable.

Irving and Ellen Terry *together* created nothing, began no modern phase. (Ellen, later, showed a belated modernity by acting in Ibsen and Shaw, and renovating scenic decoration, under her own management, by adopting her son, Gordon Craig's, designs.) Except for the fact that he drew all fashionable and artistic London to the Lyceum and made it a sort of National Theatre, Irving did nothing for the drama. When he wanted modernity he turned to Sardou. He indeed "tried out" Tennyson. His modern tragedies were the plays of the forgotten Wills. Even the elaborate productions in which he drowned Shakespeare were not original, for they had long been preceded by the spectacles of Macready, Phelps and Charles Kean, as they were later to be exceeded by those of Beerbohm Tree.

We are still searching for the ideal. We come to George Henry Lewes and Professor Morley. The Professor may retire—not through his own fault. At the time when he published his *Journal of a London Playgoer* (1866) our theatre had sunk to the depths of dramatic degradation. In that small volume hardly one play of the slightest merit appears for the Professor's praise. It was the age of frequent adaptations from the French, of Tom Taylor, of Sheridan Knowles still lingering, of Phelps and Charles Kean. No one could make anything of this.

With Lewes it is another matter. He may be regarded as the best of all dramatic critics until the 20th century. He is briefly described by Mr. Ward as George Eliot's "house-fellow" and a philosopher. He was a good deal more than that. The grandson of a well-known actor, he had in youth aspired to shine upon the stage. He acted as an amateur with Charles Dickens, and, billed as "the popular author," appeared as Shylock at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. He wrote a tragedy, too, called *The Noble Heart*, in which he "sustained the principal character." He therefore conformed to one of Mr. Ward's conditions for theatrical criticism; he had undergone "a portion of his apprenticeship in the practical work of the playhouse." He was always stagestruck. He acquired seriousness through philosophy and George Eliot. He acquired also a remarkably vivid descriptive style, lightened by humour, even by frivolity, over his pen name of "Vivian." Hirsute and hideous—he and George Eliot must have presented one of the plainest couples ever linked in literature—he frequented the theatre with the delight of a boy, disciplined by the severity of a sage. Surely an ideal critic? And indeed his book *On Actors and Acting* (1875) is one of the best ever written about the stage.

We come to the 20th century. Mr. Ward remarks (I think, quite inaccurately) that "the golden age of theatre criticism in England was the twenty-five years ended in 1914." This is to underestimate brilliant work done later—still being done in some instances—by St. John Ervine, Ivor Brown, W. A. Darlington, Herbert Farjeon, Desmond MacCarthy and James Agate—to mention only a few of those who are or were far superior to the average critics of the end of the 19th century. Before 1914, Shaw and Archer and Walkley stood above the others; both Shaw and Archer were reformers, the first humorous, but fundamentally serious; the second grave, ever hopeful, fully realising the demand of H. W. Massingham, in his note, printed here, "on the search for a masterpiece," that "the critic of the drama should be continually reverting to the mood of the Jewish people about the Messiah—art thou He who should come or should we look for another?" Archer indeed was always looking for the dramatic Messiah and frequently (like the Jews) finding a false prophet. (The name of one of these was Pinero.) Mr. Ward calls Archer "dour." He would not have called him so had he known him. If Archer's sense of humour be doubted, it can be proved, not only by his description of Irving's acting—of that strange limp which reminded the critic of a man crossing a ploughed field—but, for example, by a delicious parody of Clement Scott's sunshiny style in one of the volumes of *The Theatrical World*. His longer books, particularly *The Old Drama and The New* (too little known) did great service in their day. His play, *The Green Goddess*, on which he counted (he told me) for an old age pension was an immense success. He sometimes lost his temper, as when he blankly refused to criticise, or even to ridicule, the actor, Wilson Barrett's, absurd play, *The Sign of the Cross*. Shaw never lost his temper.

He was much more witty, but less impartial, than Archer, who was his intimate friend. He wished the drama to come his way—the way of discussion and of the advancement of ideas. On mere amusement he had small mercy, and he excelled at coaxing ideas out of the rubbish presented before him. Shaw was the moralist in the stalls.

After this we come to the living lights, whom I dare not classify. But I will remark that the best of them write for the *weekly* press. So have the best French critics in their *feuilletons*, from the days of Gustave Geoffroy, Janin and Gautier, to those of Sarcey, Faguet, Lemaître, Alexandre and Pierre Brisson, Léon Blum—who can imagine an English Premier writing dramatic criticism?—and André Antoine. This seems to refute Mr. Ward's suggestion that "deliberation is not a virtue in a dramatic critic." True, any competent journalist can run from the theatre after eleven at night (a clamorous first night) and review the usual play or production of Shakespeare; as Walkley and Charles Morgan often did for *The Times*. Can he be sure of himself, at such a pace, if confronted for the first time, say, by *The Master Builder*, *The Cherry Orchard*, *The Father*, *The Playboy of the Western World*, *The Eater of Dreams*, or *Six Persons in Search of an Author*? I cannot believe it. Daily newspapers ought, after a brief report of the first performance, to publish their considered criticism two days later. Meanwhile, like the French, let us encourage deliberation in the *feuilleton hebdomadaire*. And if we find the perfect dramatic critic at any time let us humour him, nurse him, and permit him to go to theatre—shall we say, once a week? Say, twice at most. He will then have the courage to keep awake.

RICHARD JENNINGS

MURDERERS

The Trial of Jones and Hulten. ED. C. E. BECHHOFER ROBERTS. *Jarrolds.* 15s.

One does not need to be a lawyer to find verbatim reports of murder-trials fascinating, but it is seldom that, as in the Green Bicycle case and the Wallace case, these owe their interest to doubt about the guilt of the accused. Their interest is part psychological, part documentary. We all have murderous impulses; but only highly abnormal characters obey them, so powerfully conditioned are we all from childhood to feel that murder is the most forbidden of acts. If, as I think, it is this conditioning, incomparably more than fear of punishment, that deters us from murder, why does it fail to affect a certain very small proportion of individuals? There is no satisfactory definition of madness, but I suspect the abnormality of all murderers to be such that they can justly be called mad. At any rate they seem commonly to believe that rules binding on other people do not apply to them, sometimes carrying this conviction to the point almost of solipsism. This may be considered a morbid defect of imagination. On the other hand some murders can be attributed to excess of imagination. The culprit becomes so intoxicated with his daydreams that he carries them into practice. Such, I think, was Mrs. Thomson, urging her lover to murder her husband. Novels and films, which act as prefabricated daydreams, urge such creatures forward: Emma Bovary is their prototype. But whether defect or excess of imagination is responsible, the murderer lacks the sense of reality—and what if not this constitutes madness? I understand that in fact the murder-rate in a country varies inversely with the proportion of the population consigned to asylums.

The latest volume of the recently launched Old Bailey Trial series reports what was called the Cleft Chin murder. An American paratrooper who had deserted from his unit took up with an eighteen-year-old English girl, a Mrs. Jones, and with her help performed various acts of highway robbery, in the course of which he shot the driver of a private-hire car. Very little emerged about Hulten's history: he told the girl he had been a Chicago gunman, but this was almost certainly a lie designed to impress her. He remains enigmatic—perhaps a victim of his war-training. When men are instructed, as paratroopers must be, in the art of individual killing, a few of them may finally fail to distinguish between killing for their country and other forms of liquidation. Of the girl we know much more. She escaped from a poor unhappy home to marry, at the age of sixteen; leaving her husband at once, she earned her living as a waitress. But her passion was for dancing, and for a while she realised her ambitions by strip-tease performances in obscure night-clubs. It is significant that she changed her name from Maud to Marina. She declared that she had only ever had one lover, but when Hulten met her in a Hammersmith café, she took him home and they shared a bed. (She had a rash which deterred him from ordinary intercourse.) There is no sign that either had any strong feeling for the other: what wonder that during the trial they indulged in mutual recrimination? How far she was a Bovary, how far just without a moral sense, remains obscure. "If you had seen someone do what I have seen, you wouldn't be able to sleep at night": this remark, made after the murder to an acquaintance, may suggest that she had a conscience. And, though she denied the fact, it seems certain that in her career of crime she was realising a film-fed dream of being a "gunman's moll." Her story of being terrorised by Hulten sounded grotesque, but her Bovarism may have made her really believe that he had a gang watching her. But to her other recreations, Deanna Durbin and the Dogs, Mrs. Jones seems to have added highway murder without a qualm. Told by a stranger whom she consulted to do as her conscience guided her, she asked what she would do if her conscience told her nothing. And so she continued after the murder to abet Hulten's crimes, whereas Mrs. Thomson—the true Bovary type—was shocked into a sense of reality by the sight of murder.

The Judge took a firm line from the first. The trial began with an argument about the length of time during which Hulten had been questioned by an American military policeman called de Mott, whose estimate was very different from the prisoner's. The Judge declared categorically against the prisoner: "He was lying to me: there is no doubt about that. I think Lieut. de Mott was telling the absolute truth." During this passage the jury were absent, but Mr. Bechhofer Roberts points out that they were able to read the Judge's statement in the newspaper next morning. It is a statement difficult to explain. For the evidence of a British police-inspector, who was present at the questioning and who had noted the hours at which it began and ended, showed that the questioning had lasted 5½ hours. And if the prisoner's evidence almost doubled the time, the American policeman's almost halved it. This judicial pronouncement turned out to be unimportant, as the evidence against Hulten was overwhelming. I mention the incident only because it seems mysterious: I who am not a lawyer am left searching for an explanation.

Apart from the legal and psychological interest of trials, they often throw light on the way people live, for witnesses may have to describe their life from hour to hour. In this case it emerges that

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during the raids a landlady always used her oven as a safe in which to place her money. I presume thousands of Londoners had this excellent notion, yet this is the first time I have heard of it. Again, Hulten said he had picked up a commando with whom he spent the night. "What is a commando?" "A prostitute." This is a slang usage I had not previously come upon.

The spiritual squalor revealed in this case can hardly be exaggerated. Two more worthless individuals than the accused could hardly be imagined. The man was hanged, the girl's death-sentence commuted. I doubt if there was anything, morally, to choose between them. I am sure that hanging is barbarous, and I think that capital punishment should be abolished. At the same time I wonder how far it is justifiable to ask normal men and women to devote their entire working lives to the task of guarding monsters?

RAYMOND MORTIMER

"THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

Novels of Mystery from the Victorian Age. Edited with an Introduction by MAURICE RICHARDSON. *Pilot Press.* 15s.

This first Pilot Omnibus has everything to recommend it in size of page and legibility of print, and weighs under 1½ lbs.; but the contents are wildly top-heavy. Over two-thirds of the 678 pages are devoted to *The Woman in White*, with three shorter stories making up the balance. Wilkie Collins' masterpiece has been out of print for so long that no one is likely to miss this opportunity to pick up a copy; but surely it is a feast in itself. The extra passengers would have done well to wait for the next bus, where they might find room to sit down.

The Woman in White started its career as a serial in 1859 in Dickens's magazine *All the Year Round*. In his preface to its publication next year in book form Collins made an appeal to reviewers of mystery stories which is as cogent to-day as then: "I venture to ask whether it is possible to praise the writer, or to blame him, without opening the proceedings by telling his story at second-hand." It certainly is possible—and desirable—but it stultifies reviewing. Without reference to the evidence what case can a critic make? Ought *all* mystery stories to be judged *in camera*, and only the verdict announced in public? That is not the general view of how justice should be administered—even in matters of literature. The privilege of being heard *in camera* should be reserved for works of outstanding merit, such as *The Woman in White*, in fact. For never was there such a book of sustained excitement and calculated suspense, before or since. Collins was writing in weekly instalments; and each instalment had to contain both a thrill of satisfaction and a thrill of anticipation. For over 1,000 pages in the original edition this most complicated plot is unravelled without a single dull moment. It is not a detective story in the strict sense, because the villains are never disguised. But the gradual unmasking of their villainy by the collection of data and logical inference therefrom is genuine detection such as we understand it to-day. And what a whale of a plot! A vast edifice of criminal cunning, with every melodramatic ramification made possible, even inevitable, by most plausible circumstances described in level, matter-of-fact tones. Dickens envied Collins his superior gifts of plot construction and tried to copy him, but he lacked his power of intellectual integration; and Dickens's style is too nervous and excitable for such plots. Melodrama must be poured from a very steady hand, if we are to swallow it; and Collins's hand was never steadier than in handling his *Woman in White*. Perhaps this was because he had invented a new technique for the purpose. It is noticeable that an author derives enormous self-confidence from any technical innovation; a self-confidence which invigorates his whole system. Characters had always been Collins' weak point. But the new technique for *The Woman in White* was to tell the story in a succession of separate narratives each written by a different character—a device which has become so stale by repetition that it is astonishing to remember that someone must have invented it! It is the writer's concentration on the philosophy of life of each character in turn that enables us to see the unforgettable figures of Mr. Fairlie, Marian Halcombe, Sir Percival and, above all, Count Fosco in such sharp focus. Fosco, the prototype of all fat, imperturbable, unconscionable master-crooks, was said to be Collins's own favourite character. He looks so genuine a personality that Collins was pestered with inquiries as to who was the living model from whom he had been taken. Collins's reply testifies to the aesthetic creed of his period. After admitting that many models had contributed to Fosco, he claims: "the Count would not have been as true to nature as I have tried to make him, if the range of my search had not extended beyond the narrow human limit which is represented by one man." The superman Fosco, indeed, rings true, not to life, but to nature—the laws of life; and with that literary distinction we must leave him.

The Notting Hill Mystery, which follows in the omnibus, originally appeared in a magazine, anonymously, in 1862. In many ways it is a slavish imitation of *The Woman in White*, with the same motive, the same technique of separate narratives, and even a pseudo-Fosco; but with none of the dramatic effects. It provides a mild historical interest, as an early groping for the shape of a detective story, with the introduction of clues reproduced in facsimile and documents given verbatim.

Carmilla and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* are the final items. *Carmilla* is a period vampire piece by Le Fanu. The style is cloying, with an excess of Hungarian delicacies. But if one can muster up a flicker of faith in vampires, it won't misfire.

Stevenson's macabre story is one of the oldest of favourites. As Mr. Richardson points out, the discovery by Freud of the subdivisions of the human mind has given Dr. Jekyll a new lease of life as the *ego*, and Mr. Hyde as the *id*. The good and bad angels inside us have not been sent to join the vampires in the limbo of out-worn superstitions, but are increased in stature by scientific endorsement. *The Strange Story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* strikes us as not so strange after all, and comes uncommonly close to the bone.

In his sprightly preface Mr. Maurice Richardson gives an epitome of Wilkie Collins's career, and tells the story of the title for *The Woman in White*. While Collins was walking home with a couple of friends late at night in North London, a woman in white actually burst out from a villa and floated towards them. She paused for a moment in supplication and then vanished. Collins dashed after her into the shadows—and later installed her in his Harley Street house and lived with her for many years. So runs the hearsay evidence of friends and relatives. Collins himself never refers to this exploit; but the combination of romantic ideas and sensual gratification is worthy of Count Fosco.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

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CASABIANCA

Bureaucracy. By LUDWIG VON MISES. *William Hodge.* 8s. 6d.

Among the last on the burning deck, Professor von Mises still stoutly maintains the impossibility of Socialism and asserts that the cure for the ills of our society is not less capitalism but more of it. In many respects this little volume is a companion to the *Road of Serfdom* and, like Professor Hayek, its author does not lack the courage trenchantly to condemn the drift to State intervention and to champion the dying cause of untrammelled free enterprise. But a note of despair has crept into this tract which was lacking ten years ago when Mr. Mises published his more lengthy and sophisticated *Socialism*. Six years of war have done much to foster State controls; the misguided British electorate have even opted to give power to a party committed to hedging business with further restrictions. But, says Mr. Mises, there may just be time to save freedom in America: only by a ruthless stand against the extension of bureaucratic domination can democratic society avoid the nightmare of the Servile State and maintain its social and intellectual progress.

Though never directly discussed, it is the spectre of the managerial revolution which is haunting Mr. Mises. Once representative democracy has yielded the levers of power to the functionaries, bureaucrats and managers, it is condemned to timid and inefficient rule. Initiative and personal freedom are replaced by orthodoxy and despotism; economic anarchy is substituted for the capitalist system of production that "is an economic democracy in which every penny gives a right to vote." So each man receives a reward equal to his true worth, and no assets are wasted in satisfying the desires of every consumer. As soon as government moves from its limited and legitimate tasks of defence and justice into the control of business, parliaments become assemblies of yes-men; only unhampered free capitalism can organise prosperity and ensure that the voter-consumer is sovereign. Although Imperial Germany was crippled by bureaucracy, Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia are the true mirrors in which we behold the fate that awaits us.

Now, despite his anxiety to analyse and warn, Mr. Mises never puts forward any explanation of why State control has displaced free enterprise. Since he does not appear to believe that any force drives capitalism towards monopoly or towards State intervention, he is saved the embarrassing task of explaining how we could revert to "unhampered free capitalism," whatever that may be. On his argument, the growth of bureaucracy is accidental; as it lacks any clear inspiration, it can be fought and broken merely by a rational exposure of its vices.

In developing this thesis Mr. Mises does not admit of any real distinction between, say, the New Deal and the Five Year Plan. In both of them, bureaucratic management has been substituted for profit management with a corresponding loss of efficiency and liberty. But while the economic system still manages to tick over in capitalist countries—though mass-unemployment is "the outcome of allegedly 'pro-labour' policies of the governments,"—under Socialism all reason is cast aside since the profit motive is the only means of weighing loss and gain. It ensures the best possible use of resources and securing maximum benefits for the consumer, for "profit is the instrument that makes the masses supreme. The common man is the customer for whom the captains of industry . . . are working." Soviet Russia—where, Mr. Mises believes, for thirty years nobody but Communists and fellow-travellers were permitted to enter—only avoids complete anarchy because no other nation is yet Socialist. The U.S.S.R. is, therefore, able to calculate on prices established in free market economies abroad.

At this point it is clear that Mr. Mises is lost in the toils of his own definitions. Socialised industries do not, whatever he may say, operate on the same budget principles as police-stations. For purposes of accounting it is perfectly feasible to estimate whether a socialised industry is yielding a profit; the difference is that the profit is not raked off as exploitation. Profit as a criterion of efficiency and profit as the source of dividends are entirely different conceptions.

Finally, we are presented with the hoary fiction that the Nazi economy had entirely eliminated the profit motive. Either Mr. Mises is utterly prejudiced or he has taken no trouble to verify such an important assertion. Competition between entrepreneurs was not abolished by the Nazis. The accumulation of new capital and the payment of dividends are not to be found in an economy in which State control has reduced the manager to the status of a salaried civil servant. But they existed in the Third Reich, alongside bitter competition between the great monopolistic groups. Under the Nazis the nationalised sector of industry was reduced rather than extended, and certainly did not much exceed a tenth of the whole. Though the market laws of capitalism operated through slightly different channels, nevertheless they continued to operate.

This book is neither a profound nor a provoking critique of Socialism. Bureaucracy, it is true, has its dangers, but they are best met by discussing them against a background of facts rather than illusions. State intervention has come to stay. Whether it brings despotism or a richer democracy in its train certainly depends to a great extent on this generation. It does not help us much to be told that we are bidding farewell to the best of all possible worlds.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

SEEING SHELLEY PLAIN

Shelley and the Romantic Revolution. By F. A. LEA. *Routledge.* 12s. 6d.

For thousands now alive a passionate love of Shelley was a major experience in their young development—a love not only for particular poems, but for an idea of Shelley and the Shelley style; yet there are few in whom this passion has lasted into later life. This is acknowledged even by Mr. Lea, who is opposed to all that it implies. The common view is, briefly, that the delight does not last because there is something immature in the poetry itself. This is not new; it was well and clearly stated by J. A. Symonds in 1878:

> There was no defect of power in him, but a defect of patience; and the final word to be pronounced in estimating the larger bulk of his poetry is the word immature.

That was written before Dowden's *Life* and before Arnold's essay, which was a review of it; before the "inspired child" critiques of the Nineties and all that derived from them; it was written, in fact, in the middle of a century in which, according to Mr. Lea, eulogy was the rule, and long before 1933, when he says "a Bull was published declaring Shelley to be bad, after all." He adds that disparagement now carries the day, and that "no satisfactory full-length study of either Shelley's work or his life has so far appeared in this country, making use of all the available material." But there have been good books and better essays on Shelley in England which do not all get caught on the dilemma of false eulogy or disparagement which Mr. Lea has prepared for them.

The immediately relevant question is: Why

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should it be thought any disparagement at all to say that Shelley is adolescent and the bulk of his work immature? For it is surely just this that gives it its unquestioned power, its unique character in our literature. His poetry enthralls boys (girls rather less, I fancy) as no other poetry enthralls them—the rush of images based on light, sea, clouds and mountains; the impatience with authority; the "passion for reforming the world"; the "idealisms of moral excellence"; the unflagging fantasy; Greece for the classical side, astronomy and botany for the modern, and even for the Army Class the series of dream girls (in *Alastor*, *Epipsychidion*, etc.) who exalt Narcissistic imaginings into regions of beautiful mystery. The vagueness, profusion and complexity of the images are among the greatest attractions; it is indeed poetry "not perfectly understood"; but it is poetry loved with greater intensity and passion than any poetry afterwards. The strongest evidence of Shelley's essential immaturity is his unfailing popularity with the young. But adolescence is never wholly superseded in any man, not even in those who (to quote Mr. Lea) "have left behind with their youth less of their intolerance than their generosity." Not only can past experience be recalled by Shelley with peculiar vividness; but there is an immature element in most adult situations, and Shelley is the supreme poet of exactly that.

I find it hard to appraise this book because, of the two later phases of response to Shelley which Mr. Lea describes, I have experienced only one, and that imperfectly. Even in adolescence there seemed to be "an element of supreme value in *Adonais*," and I agree that phase 2 is an attempt to explain whence this value derives; but I cannot agree that this attempt, by inducing us to follow Shelley into "an intellectual mysticism that leads straight to despair" must make phase 2 intolerable as a lodging-place. For the contradictions and despair in face of death which *Adonais* expresses are only one mood of human feeling among many. We do not go to *Adonais*, or to Shelley at all, for a system, or for a final answer about anything, but for an experience. To be committed neck and crop to a considered philosophy of despair by reading the works of one poet is simply not a normal response at all.

In phase 3 Shelley becomes for Mr. Lea not a man or a poet but a "pure phenomenon" (of the kind that D. H. Lawrence became for Mr. Middleton Murry, whose work colours all Mr. Lea's judgments), "all equally significant, because of the order to which he belongs." Here I resign; I claim to be temperamentally disqualified; and suggest the banal alternative that to understand Shelley we must see him whole and see him plain. To this end it is important to follow the way he seized on certain philosophical ideas and the use he made of them in his verse: Mr. Lea's book is for this purpose a useful and, so far as the matter permits, lucid guide. The genesis of these ideas is described more fully than before, with good quotations, especially from the less well-known prose. But the philosophical understanding is far less than in Miss Powell's admirable essay in *The Romantic Theory of Poetry* (1926); and not all Mr. Lea's honest and painstaking revelation of contradictions, unresolved problems, imperfect arguments and uncorrelated experiences can convince me that Shelley was as great a philosopher as he was a poet.

HUMPHRY HOUSE

POPULATION

Britain and Her Birth-Rate. By MASS-OBSERVATION. Published for the Advertising Service Guild by *John Murray*. 21s.

Mass-Observation's latest and, I think, most useful report is an attempt to trace and evaluate the numerous reasons for which parents are to-day so drastically limiting the size of their families.

Mass-Observation's well known technique is based on the belief that it is worth while sacrificing *some* accuracy (as achieved, say, by Gallup's more representative samples) for the sake of a greater wealth of qualitative material. It is this sin in particular which causes respectable statisticians to regard it as a matter of duty and reputation to treat Mass-Observation with a certain condescending animosity. The truth is, of course, that we need both: the accurate figures, derived by careful calculation from census and representative sample material, and the mass of verbatim information which gives the figures depth and urgency. Let us, therefore, skip lightly over such sore points as unscientific samples, biased questions and non-objective interviews. We must admit that the nature of this particular field of investigation makes a really accurate statistical analysis more than difficult and any attempt to throw light on so complex a subject must be welcomed.

Although the facts of the population situation are fairly widely known now, they do not arouse the concern their serious implications warrant. People who spend half their time in queues and crowded streets, who stand in buses and trains and who face unemployment and lack of housing, these people are not easily convinced that a decrease in numbers would be disastrous. Nor will there be much alarm until it is generally understood that a population decline, once started, will tend to accelerate—with all the economic maladjustments which a declining, that is an ageing, population implies. With things as they are, there is not the minutest prospect of the small, stable population which people conjure up in their minds. It cannot be emphasised too often that it is the "effects of a *declining* population and not the potentialities of a *small* population which matter."

The numerous statements quoted in the course of this report cover all the important reasons for family-limitation. There is a useful discussion, also, of contraception, the spread of which was the symptom rather than the cause of the increased desire for smaller families. It is shown that ignorance of contraceptive technique is still pretty great among the poorer people and, with the spread of education and birth-control knowledge, the problem of declining *re*productivity will be intensified as "the number of children people *have* will become increasingly a reflection of the number they *want*."

The majority of the 2,500 parents and potential parents on whose attitudes this report is, in varying degrees, based give "Money" top priority as the reason for family-limitation. It is well known that, on the whole, reproductive rates are higher for the poor than for the middle and upper classes. (It should be added, however, that these rates are probably tending to converge.) The authors reflect that we may reach the point where "the doors of Eton may finally be opened to all, not in the interests of democracy, but to preserve Old Etonians from extinction"—a situation which, though not altogether unattractive politically, would be undesirable eugenically. Among the middle and upper classes it is what one might term the "real cost of production" rather than lack of money which accounts for the serious fall in fertility. In the words of a middle-class woman

> ". . . . though we had sufficient means, we like to live at a certain standard . . ."

The point is that the large family cannot remain on an equal social footing with the childless, or even smaller, family. As one writer put it: "Competition in working hours spilled over into leisure, and thus we witness . . . what the

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economists call 'conspicuous spending'" (Titmus: *Parents Revolt*). But, quite apart from this keeping up of appearances, the cost of education and the desire to give the children the chance to maintain the social prestige so painfully achieved, all combine to encourage the small, if not childless, family.

Because of this, says Mass-Observation, little is to be hoped for from family allowances except that they will increase fertility where it is already highest and where, disgracefully enough, conditions for child-rearing are worst; an argument which emphasises the urgent need for an integrated social plan to improve conditions all round, rather than to hope for success from piecemeal reform.

The report classes the concrete reasons for family-limitation as "*external factors*": lack of housing, all the difficulties implied when one speaks of the child as an economic liability, the fear of childbirth and inadequate care before and after birth, and the immediate fear of insecurity. But, says the report, "we believe that only a minority of women actually refrain from having the babies they want because of external factors." Although it must be said, in all fairness to Mass-Observation, that there is no desire to question the urgency of social reform, the authors do not believe that the improvement of social amenities and removal of economic obstacles as such will have much effect on the fertility-rates. "Any permanent solution to the Birth-Rate problem will involve changing people's outlooks and so increase the inherent desire for children."

This distinction, made so much of in the report, between the "External factors" governing family-size and the "inherent desire" for children is rather confusing. The impression is conveyed, I presume unintentionally, that this "inherent desire" is something quite separate from and independent of social environment; and, requiring a different set of remedies, on the mental rather than the economic plane.

I feel that the external factors which encourage small families are indeed an indication of something less conscious and deeper—not of any innate or inherent lack of desire for children, but of the spirit imbued into all parents and potential parents by an economic environment characterised by acquisitive competition and a social atmosphere of insecurity and fear. It is doubtful whether there will be any significant rise in reproduction until parents can bring children into the world with the confident belief that "the future belongs to them."

CLAUS MOSER

THE WORD-FANCIER

I Give You My Word. By IVOR BROWN. *Cape.* 6s.

Since this is the third of Mr. Ivor Brown's word collections, and a success before we open it, there's no need to explain what kind of book he has written. In the introduction he defends a partiality for Scots and continues to attack officialdom; Shakespeare is the source in the little essays that follow, with Tennyson and the dimmer moderns assisting; a place-name—Elsinore—hints at verbal byways to be explored in the future. Some criticism, but more fun: Mr. Brown is a word-fancier.

Particular pleasures, then, of *I Give You My Word*:

The discovery of Tennyson, addressing the Devil in woman's clothes with,

> What rude waggery,
> What jejune, undigested joke is this,
> To quilt thy fuscous haunches with the flounced
> Frilled, finical delicacy of female dress?
> Hast thou dared to girdle thy brown sides
> And prop thy monstrous vertebrae with stays?
> Speak out, thou petticoated Solecism,
> Thou Hairy trifler—

written, I must add, at the age of fourteen.

A *gongoozler* is "an idle and inquisitive person who stands staring for prolonged periods at anything out of the common. The word is believed to have its origin in the Lake District."

Filemot, from *feuille morte*, dead-leaf coloured.

Caress is found in Milton but not in Shakespeare.

Use of "the drink" in Dickens: ". . . if they didn't come off that there fixing right smart too, he'd spill 'em in the drink. . . ." The "big drink," according to Partridge, appears in the novels of Miss Braddon, and is American in origin—not English, as Mr. Brown suggests.

Revivals. *Batling* (fertile), to *vail* (bow or uncover the head), *sprent* (sprinkled), *leery* (cunning), *ho-go* (piquant flavour), to *disembogue* (outflow), *mecantodor* (unpleasant odour), to *lapidate* (to stone).

From slang. To *swan*, and *draped* (drunk), are first-rate.

How many know the derivation of *tawdry* (from St. Audrey's lace) and of *inveigle* (aveugle); or that the *halcyon beaks* in Elizabethan poetry refer to stuffed kingfishers hung from the eaves as weather-vanes?

And, to end these pickings, here is a quotation, the most delightful in the volume, from the Essays and Characters of John Stephens, 1615 (portrait of a shepherd):

> He comprehends the true pattern of a moderate wise man; for as a shepherd, so a moderate man hath the supremacy over his thoughts and passions; neither hath he any affection of so wild a nature, but he can bring it into good order, with an easy whistle. The worst temptation of his idleness teaches him no further mischief, than to love entirely some nut-brown milkmaid, or hunt the squirrel or make his cosset wanton. He may turn many rare esteemed physicians into shame and blushing; for whereas they, with infinite compounds and fair promises, do carry men to death the furthest way about; he with a few simples preserves himself and family to the most lengthened sufferance of nature. Tar and honey be his mithridates and syrups; the which, together with a Christmas carol, defend his desolate life from cares and melancholy.

"Make his cosset wanton" means "make his pet lamb frisk." We are told on another page that while *cosset*, becoming a verb, was applied to the spoilt darling, *moppet* (little fish) remained a term of endearment for a child. An even prettier word, *tantony* (smallest pigling) dropped out of use in the eighteenth century after acquiring the sense of toady. . . . *Tantony*, from St. Anthony, guardian saint of swineherds. . . . So one goes on, with the O.E.D. at one's elbow, grateful for so many excuses to open doors in it. Mr. Brown's words may not, of course, always be ours.

One criticism I can't help making of *I Give You My Word* is that despite the obvious appetite and courtliness of the author, his appreciation looks rather overdressed. Oh, damn official jargon by all means, damn (if you like) the newer kinds of poetry, but what about this?

> Shakespeare, who talked frequently of youth's sweet prime, was jostled by a rough wind in May into brooding over summer as a tenant shortly to be evicted and was likewise set aghast by the siege of forty winters, digging deep trenches in the brow.

I suggest "swanning" as the word to describe an over-conscious superbity of style.

G. W. STONIER

Economic Progress and Social Security By PROFESSOR A. G. B. FISHER. *Macmillan.* 18s.

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social progress lies in mobility of the resources of production and especially of labour from one use to another in order that the economic system may be kept rapidly responsive to the needs of technical change. This leads him to be strongly critical both of those who advocate forms of social security likely to interfere with mobility and of those planners who fail to take sufficient account of this factor. He attacks in particular those forms of the "full employment" doctrine which concentrate on monetary means of maintaining the total demand for labour, but ignore the need for structural adjustments; and he is severe on plans of output or price regulation which seem designed to immobilise resources in particular branches of production. In the latter part of his book he makes a similar approach to the problems of international trade, criticising all solutions which fall short of full multilateralism and of the full recognition of the principle of international division of labour. Professor Fisher is sometimes apt to erect Aunt Sallies and then knock them down—choosing for attack the weaker rather than the stronger among his opponents; and this leads to a somewhat wearisome iteration of platitudes. He is also not very helpful about what is to be done if the solutions which he knocks down one after another are rejected. Nor is it very clear to whom he is talking. He writes sometimes as if he were arguing with his fellow-professionals, and sometimes as if he were simplifying for the man in the street. In the end, he conveys rather a negative impression, having failed to convert his very true general thesis into anything in the nature of a practicable programme.

Week-end Competitions

No. 827

Set by Nicolas Bentley

The usual prizes are offered for a gossip writer's description of meeting the guest of honour at a reception for one of the following: Mephistopheles; Little Red Riding Hood; Sherlock Holmes; Lady Macbeth; Svengali; Becky Sharp; Sir Galahad; Britannia; Don Quixote. Limit 200 words. Entries by December 11.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 824

Set by F. C. C.

I have a German friend married to an Englishman. At the beginning of the war she met an acquaintance whom she had last seen in Berlin and who now came up and greeted her. "Well, I never thought I should shake hands with a German again," she said. "And how have we been treating you?" My friend replied: "Up to this moment I have met with the greatest consideration." Readers are invited to submit other instance, of authentic ambiguous snubs.

Report by F. C. C.

I have turned down some very good entries because the snubs they recorded were not ambiguous. This is the defect of two of the excellent runners-up printed below. Either implication of Cardinal Pecci's reply would surely have paralysed the Count's dinner-party? One of them should have been conventionally polite, the other, subtly barbed for the recipient yet almost imperceptible to the thick-skinned. Only for one confused moment could Beatrice Lillie's delightful farewell have appeared ambiguous, owing to the spontaneous charm of its delivery. If Lord Russell had only replied about the chair: "Yes, do take it away," or, "Yes, please take it away," R. C. Horwood would have qualified for a second prize. As it stands, the insult does not seem quite sufficiently veiled. By far the most delicately devastating snub comes from Lady Juliet Duff. I fear it is not accidentally from another century and spoken in French. Prizes of 2 guineas each go to her and N. P. Meadway. A guinea each to Allan M. Laing and A. B. A.

During Napoleon the Third's exile in England, he received great kindness and hospitality from Lady Blessington.

After his return to power Lady Blessington had occasion to go to Paris, where she found herself totally ignored by her former guest.

Finally, however, she was invited to a large "crush" at the Elysée, and Napoleon, catching sight of her, said, "Ah, Madame, vous restez longtemps en France?"; to which Lady Blessington replied, "Non, Sire; et vous?" JULIET DUFF

In a train, an acquaintance of mine was accosted by a stranger, who gave him a long monologue on the political situation, his view being based on an unbelievably abysmal ignorance.

He concluded with: "In my opinion, there ought to be some kind of educational test before anyone is allowed to vote."

My friend replied: "You know, I never thought of that before, but, after listening to you, I am convinced you are right." N. P. MEADWAY

I should hate to have to miss a NEW STATESMAN problem, but the nearest I can come to a solution of the present one is to retail an anecdote, said to be authentic, of the late Sir Edmund Gosse.

Gosse had announced, in his characteristic Leo Hunter manner, that he had been travelling with R. L. S., whereupon one of the company remarked, with malicious innocence: "In the Cevennes, I suppose?" ALLAN M. LAING

In 1796, Napoleon was fighting the Austrians in Northern Italy, "liberating" the Italians at the same time. Good relations with the civilian population were essential, and he ordered that Army supplies should be paid for. Lack of funds of the French Army, and high prices asked by some Italians—who disliked either invader—resulted in much haggling. The young General conducted negotiations himself, when a Milanese exasperated him by his demands. "Tutti gli Italiani sono ladri" (all Italians are robbers), he exclaimed. "Non tutti" (not all) replied the merchant, "ma buona parte si" (but a good many are). A. B. A.

RUNNERS-UP

When Cardinal Pecci (afterwards Pope Leo XIII of wise and saintly memory) was Papal Nuncio in Paris, he was once the guest at dinner of a certain free-thinking and loose-living French marquis who had recently married a beautiful wife.

After dinner the Marquis passed round a jewelled snuff-box on the enamelled lid of which was the picture of a naked woman in the alluring pose of Titian's Venus. The Cardinal merely dipped his finger and passed it on. But the Marquis, determined to put him out of countenance, cried out: "Oh! but your Eminence has not admired the workmanship—the so beautiful picture . . ." The snuff-box was passed back to the Cardinal and there was an expectant hush. He took it, looked at the picture carefully, and then, rising from his chair, handed it back across the table to his host and, bowing, said: "Very beautiful! Very beautiful indeed! *Madame la Marquise, I suppose?*" WILLIAM BLISS

Beatrice Lillie, leaving a particularly boring party in New York, is alleged to have ended her apology for a very early departure with the words, "and don't think it hasn't all been great fun, because it hasn't." HAROLD NEDEN

A friend of mine was once with the late Earl Russell in the Reform Club. A famous but by no means popular Cabinet Minister laid his hand upon a chair opposite and said, "May I take this chair?" Russell said, "Certainly, if you take it away." R. C. HORWOOD

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Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1945, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

APPLICATIONS invited for post of Deputy Chief Inspector in Children's Branch, Home Office, who with Chief Inspector will be responsible for organisation and supervision of work of inspecting Approved Schools, Remand Homes, Voluntary Homes and Boarding-out arrangements in England and Wales, and of advising on these and other matters connected with admin. of Children and Young Persons Act, 1933. Pref. given to candids. between 35 and 45 who hold a Univ. degree and Social Science diploma or equivalent qualifics. and have had a wide and varied exp. of educ. and social work among young people. Salary £1,200 by increments of £50 to £1,300 a year (for women £1,025 to £1,125) plus Civil Service War Bonus. Applics. giving age and full particss. of applicant's qualifics. and exp., with two recent testimls. and quoting Ref. Number J.P. 416, should be received by M. of L. and National Service, Appointments Dept., 1-6 Tavistock Sq., London, W.C.1, by December 15th.

QUEEN'S University of Belfast. Applics. invited for Lectureships in French and Latin. Sal., £525, rising to £600 p.a. with membership of F.S.S.U. Successful candidates expected to take up duty on April 1st, 1946, or such later date as may be arranged. 9 copies of applics. by February 1st, 1946, to. and further particss. from, Richard H. Hunter, Secretary.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham, Extra-Mural Dept. Applics. invited for post of Staff Tutor for teaching of Science in Adult Classes in West Midlands. Initial sal. up to £500 p.a., with superann. under F.S.S.U. Good hons. degree in Biology pref., but grads. in other scientific subjects considered. Further particss. from undersigned to whom 3 copies of applics. and names of 2 referees should be sent by December 15th. C. G. Burton, Secretary, The University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town invites applics. for post of lecturer in Dept. of Geography. Salary £450 by £25 to £500 by £50 to £675. Degree in Geography reqd. Post is vacant from March, 1st 1946. Write quoting F.5188A, to M. of L. and National Service, Appointments Dept., Technical and Scientific Register, Room 670, York House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2 for applic. form which must be returned in duplicate completed by 12th January, 1946.

REQUIRED: An organiser and supervisor for a Hollerith punched card installation. Exp. of punching, Counter-Sorter and Tabulator work and lay-out of punch cards for this work essential. All work is on current Social questions and of national importance. Position affords first-class opportunity for personal development in this field. Sal.: Men, £260–£500; women, £260–£425, plus war bonus. Applics. in writing, stating date of birth, full details of qualifics. and exp. (incl. list in chronological order of posts held) and quoting Ref. No. PM365, to M. of L. and National Service, Appointments Office, 1-6 Tavistock Sq., W.C.1.

FULL-TIME Asst. Warden (woman) reqd. by Birmingham Assn. Girls' Clubs for Holiday Youth Hostel (rural area). Sense of vocation more important than exp. Salary by arrangement. Apply, Warden, Windmill House, Weatheroak, nr. Alvechurch, Birmingham.

Appointments Vacant—continued

CAMBRIDGE, Homerton College. Applics. invited for post of Senior Lecturer in English Language and Literature. Sal., maximum, £650. Further partics. from Secretary.

RUNWELL Hospital, near Wickford, Essex (1,010 beds), (East Ham and Southend-on-Sea Joint Mental Hospital). Applics. invited for post of Psychiatric Social Worker to above Hospital. Sal. £300 p.a., rising by £12 10s. to £350 p.a., plus war bonus at present £48 2s. p.a., with car or travelling allowance according to circumstances. Candids. must possess Mental Health Cert. Appointment is subject to provisions of Asylums Officers' Superan. Act, 1909, and to Cttees.' sick pay regulations. Applics. with full detls. of age, qualifics. and exp. with copies of 3 recent testimls., to the Physician Superintendent by December 10th.

EAST Sussex Educ. Ctee. Applics. invited for post of Youth Club Leader at Battle Youth Centre. Salary scale £220 x £10–£270 p.a., plus war bonus (at present £40 6s. 0d. for a woman and £49 8s. 0d. for a man), commencing salary to be determined by qualifics. and exp. Application forms from J. H. Baines Chief Educ. Officer, County Hall, Lewes, on receipt of stpd. addrd. env., should be returned with copies of 3 recent testims. by Dec. 15th.

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BIRMINGHAM Citizens' Society. Warden and Assistant Warden reqd. for home for 20 Old People. Two friends, married couple / separate applics. considered. Housekeeping and/or nursing exp. desirable. Sal. according to qualifics. Applics. to Old Peoples' Welfare Ctee., 161 Corporation St., Birmingham, 4.

JEWISH Board of Guardians. Qualified and expd. social worker reqd. for Health and Convalescence Dept. of Jewish Board of Guardians. Candids. must be members of Jewish Community. Salary according to qualifics. Write in first instance, enclosing copies of testims., to The Secretary, 127 Middlesex St., Bishopsgate, London, E.1.

APPEAL Organiser (man/woman) for Scottish Assoc. of Girls' Clubs for extensive appeal throughout Scotland. Object to provide new and extend existing Girls' Clubs in Scotland. Salary according to exp. Applics., incl. all relevant details to Org. Sec., Scottish Assoc. of Girls' Clubs, 12 Alva St., Edinburgh, 2.

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Appointments Vacant—continued

WANTED for women's prof. organisation, young, prog. woman for office and organising work. Shthd.-typing essent., some knowledge educ. political work an advantage. Salary, £250—£300. Box A2879.

APPLICATIONS are invited for post of Senior Clerical Assistant to Fabian Indian Affairs Group. Salary £4 7s. 6d. p.w. Sht. tpg., if possible some interest in India. Applic. form on request from Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

JANUARY: Burgess Hill reqs.: (1) Man to teach juniors general subjects; handicrafts/games welc. subsidiaries. (2) Science teacher, temp. or permanent. (3) Frenchman/woman to teach in Junior School. (4) Resident cook. The Secretary, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3.

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ALERT Senior Shorthand Typist required. State age, experience and salary. Electrical Industries Benevolent Association, 32 Old Burlington St., W.1.

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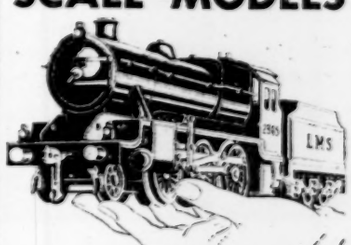

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